

to Mr. Robinson

P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

TALES, FABLES,

EPIGRAMS, &c. &c.

By N O B O D Y.

Mr. Robinson, Comedian of York.

Procul este Severi.

Keep your Distance, Fellows, and I'll talk with you.

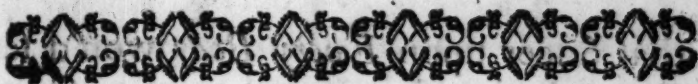
L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXX.

Prof. C. N. Greenough

HAVING been some months past out of
the world, I called to-day at Mr. El-
mer's, to show it my former work printed
off:—He told me they were, and that he
never waited for the Dedication; asking me
at the same time, what I designed that
should follow?—"Dedication," says I--
"No! nothing of the kind was to
be there."—"But every Body takes
Laminations or Laminae, those Persons of
German, those English Readers, those most
Judicious Critics, &c. &c. &c.---the
Following Passage is Dedicated by the
humbleness of their Admirer, Nobody."
—"Oh dear Sir," says Elmer,
"that will never do: The Quibble
is false: You might as well dedi-
cate it to your own Individual Self.
"(Nobody) as to Every Body: Besides,
that



P R E F A C E.

HAVING *been some Months past out of* Town, I called To-day at Mr Elzivir's, to know if my Poems were printed off:—He told me they were, and that he now waited for the Dedication; asking me at the same Time, who I designed that Honour for?—“Dedication!” says I—“Why, suppose the Dedication was to “run thus”-----“To Every Body, those Luminaries of Learning, those Patrons of Genius, those Candid Readers, those most judicious Critics, &c. &c. &c.-----the Following Farrago is Dedicated by the humblest of their Admirers, NOBODY.”

-----“Oh, dear Sir,” says Elzivir, “that will never do: The Quibble “is stale: You might as well dedicate it to your own Individual Self, “(Nobody) as to Every Body: Besides,

" that Sneer upon *Every Body* wou'd set
 " *Every Body* a sneering at you;---Con-
 " sider, Sir, your very Name is a Bait for
 " *Sarcastical Quibbles*.—But what think
 " you of chusing *Paoli* for your Patron:
 " He's a glorious Subject for Panegy-
 " ric, and his Name at the Beginning of
 " your Book wou'd help the Sale greatly,
 " especially if you were to have his Por-
 " trait by Way of Frontispiece *done* by
 " an *Eminent Hand*:"—"Neither will
 " that do," *said I*,—"Had it been an
 " Epic Poem indeed, and the Hero of
 " it such another as himself, I don't
 " know how far my Vanity might have
 " spurred me; but thou'd I dedicate such
 " a Trifle like this to him, the World
 " wou'd be apt to think I was bribed by
 " some Great Man or other to throw an
 " Affront on him." "I believe you are
 " right," *replies Elzivir*, "and now I
 " think again, I fear the poor Gentle-
 " man stands more in need to be Patro-
 " nized than to Patronize:—Suppose
 " then," *added he*, "you dedicate it to
 " the Reviewers.-----" "That," *says I*,
 " wou'd

"wou'd be vastly impolitic, for as I am
 "a Stranger to them, and intend to re-
 "main so, a hundred to one but in Re-
 "turn for my Compliments they'd fall
 "foul of me, as a Proof of their Im-
 "partiality. No, no, hang it, I'll have no
 "Dedication at all."—"You must have
 "a Preface, however," cries Elzivir:—
 "That to me," says I, "seems as need-
 "less as the other: What can I say in a
 "Preface?——but that *'The following
 'Poems (or Small Talk in Rhyme, if
 'you please) were written at different
 'Times and upon different Occasions, and
 'not originally designed for the Press:
 'That they are now sent into the World in
 'a loose inconnected Manner:'*" (for by
 "the Bye, Master Elzivir, you have been
 "rather careless in that Respect, as you
 "know that Part of the Affair was en-
 "trusted to you)" "That Avocations of
 "a different Nature prevented the Au-
 "thor's giving them a Revision, (too much
 "wanting, he fears): That the Olio, such
 "as it is, is now offered to the Public with
 "a hearty Welcome; and that Mr Cook
 "begs

"begs his Guests would fall to, and eat
 "heartily, or at least pick a Bit here and
 "there, as the Dish is made up of various
 "Ingredients, and none of them over large,
 "or hard of Digestion, he hopes."—"I can
 "say nothing but such Stuff as this;—
 "no, no, publish it directly, and let the
 "Brat take its Chance."—"My dear
 "Sir," replied Elzivir, "a New Book
 "without Preface or Dedication is as
 "imperfect as a New Play without a Pro-
 "logue: How can you think of thrust-
 "ing yourself on the Public without a
 "By your Leave, or *With your Leave*.—
 "Or what would you think, for Ex-
 "ample, of a Stranger bursting into our
 "Club-Room, and seating himself at the
 "Table without a *Precursor* to announce
 "his Approach, or some one of the Club
 "to announce him?"—*I still persisted in*
my Resolutions of No Preface, not know-
ing, in short, what to say upon the Occa-
sion, when Mrs Elzivir, who, I must own,
has more Sense than either her Good-Man
or myself, declared it her Opinion, That
a Preface would be necessary, if it only an-
swered

swered the Purpose of adding three or four Pages to the Book; that it availed but little what was said in it, and that if her Advice might be taken, the Dialogue that had just passed between Mr Elzivir and me wou'd answer the Purpose as well as any Thing.

As I always pay an uncommon Deference to Mrs Elzivir's Opinion, I immediately took her Advice, and have, as near as I can recollect, verbatim, and without any additional Flourishes, scribbled down what was said upon the Occasion, which the Reader is entreated to look upon as a Preface; the common Intention of such Precursors (as my Letter'd Friend terms 'em) being generally to add a Something to the Size of the Book.

Jan. 11, 1770.

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E R R A T A.

Page 3, after Line 8 insert the following Couplet, which was omitted,

Met on the Downs in grave Debate,
A Patriot Shepherd to create:

P. 4, L. 12, for Power,—read Pow'r.

P. 11, L. 9, for being—r. kindly.

Ditto, L. 15, for destroyed—r. destroy'd.

Ditto, L. 24, r. Which cut, again wou'd never shoot.

P. 15, L. 15, for Sans Trifling,—r. without it.

P. 41, L. 11, for Word,—r. Line.

P. 45, L. 15, for Mamma well knows,—r. Experience shows.

P. 46, L. 6, for drank,—r. drinks.

P. 50, L. 22, for under,—r. beneath.

P. 63, let the third Line run thus,

Old Charon look'd confounded black.

P. 67, L. 11, for With Smiles they now appear,—r. they smiling now appear.

P. 100, L. 11, for gulph—r. gulp.

P. 149, after the 4th Line add the following Couplet,

Whose Lives (their palsied Heads tho' grey)
Are shorter than a Winter's Day.

P. 132, L. 12, for coward Tongue,—r. Magpye Tongue.

P. 183, L. 8, for Portals,—r. Portal.

The Reader is intreated to correct the above, and to excuse a few literal Errors and Inaccuracies, which have escaped thro' the Author's unavoidable Distance from the Press.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The POET and STRAW.

A FABLE.

N *Richmond* Hill with Doublet bare
A hungry Poet takes the Air :
The Air on *Richmond* Hill, tho' good,
And excellent Camelion Food,
Is rather of too thin a Nature
For a beef-loving, two-legg'd Creature :
Our Poet stops, he looks around,
And murmurs thus in doleful Sound :

“ While Plenty o'er the Landscape reigns,
“ Shall Bards alone feel meagre Pains?
“ Ah, what avails, if in the Town
“ My Madrigals acquir'd Renown ;
“ If Stranger to all-pow'rful Coin
“ I seldom taste the rich Sirloin ;
“ If for the Produce of my Brain,
“ I meet from money'd Fools Disdain ;——
“ In vain the Lawrel crowns my Brows ;
“ What crowns my Pocket ?——Not one Souse :

A

“ Of

- “ Of Bay or Lawrel, where the Use is?
 “ Nor Bay or Lawrel Fruit produces:—
 “ I’ve Fame pursu’d, and now I’ve caught her,
 “ She proves—mere Moon-shine in the Water;
 “ How happier the unletter’d Glutton,
 “ Who can indulge on Beef and Mutton:—
 “ How curst each Servant of the Nine!
 “ I’d rather be a Fool and dine.”

He said, and to his great Surprise
 Beneath his Feet a Straw replies:—
 “ Ah, hapless Bard, look down and see
 “ Thy striking Emblem here in me;
 “ Despis’d by those, to whom my Head
 “ Furnish’d the Staff of Living—Bread:
 “ That gain’d, behold me here cast down,
 “ Trod on by ev’ry sordid Clown:
 “ Just so the Bard, who from his Brain
 “ The hungry Mind can entertain,
 “ Is soon neglected and forgot,
 “ A barren Praise his hapless Lot;
 “ To Fame becomes an empty Bubble,
 “ Trod on by Fools like Straw or Stubble.”



The PATRIOT SHEPHERD.*A* FABLE.

IN Days of Yore, when Beasts cou'd speak
 With the same Ease that Pigs now squeak,
 A Flock of Sheep, high-wool'd, rich, free,
 Enthusiasts to Liberty,
 Who claim'd a Right, Time immemorial,
 Like other Sheep-boroughs corporeal,
 To chuse a Shepherd to attend 'em,
 And eke from Injuries defend 'em;
 (The Sheep, in those Times, you're to note
 Like Citizens cou'd give a Vote:)——
 Among the Peasants who laid Claim,
 To the Sheep-Guardian envied Name,
 One Peasant far above the rest,
 Was with the winning Virtues blest;
 For Liberty he bellow'd loud,
 He tickled up the sheepish Crowd;
 Like them he talk'd, and always strove
 By sheepish Tricks to shew his Love:
 The Lady Sheep he oft carest,
 To please the Ladies, laugh'd and drest;
 He flatter'd hard,——for Sheep, like Men,
 Can swallow Flatt'ry——now and then;
 With them the Downs wou'd often strole,
 Nibble the Grass, and drink the Pool;

A 2

And

And more, to shew his gen'rous Mind,
 His Gold was scatter'd like the Wind;
 He brib'd so high, none dare oppose;
 He soon was *chair'd*, and Shepherd chose.

Too true the Axiom we find,
Preferment warps the human Mind;
 No longer now with Patriot Zeal
 He ba'd aloud for common Weal;
 No longer nibbled on the Hill,
 Nor longer, Sheep-like, drank the Rill:—
 The Fish was caught, the Net thrown by,
 Wove by that Demon, *Bribery*:
 He talk'd of nothing but Obedience,
 Of Shepherd's Power, and Sheep's Allegiance;
 He fleec'd 'em without Rhyme or Reason,
 Regardless of the Time or Season;
 Drove them to Market, and there sold
 His freeborn Sheep, for King-stamp'd Gold;
 And when their Grievances they spoke,
 He answer'd thus with sneering Look:

“ Those Fools who sell themselves for Gain,
 “ Of Slav'ry never shou'd complain;—
 “ And give me Leave, good Sheep, to tell ye,
 “ I bought ye, and by G——d I'll sell ye.”

The Moral, Sir?—I'm not inclin'd,
 To hold a Mirror to the Blind.

M E A-

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

A T A L E.

WITH Envy fraught and Malediction,
 Fools rail against Church Jurisdiction;
 They say, where Canon Law prevails,
 That Justice never holds the Scales;
 That in the civil Courts alone,
 She and her genuine Train are known:
 Falshoods alike!—Where most she's found,
 The following Story may expound.

In old *Castile* some Ages since,
 When fam'd *Alphonso* rul'd as Prince,
 A holy Priest, meek, chaste, and good,
 Happen'd to spill a Layman's Blood:
 Ex'n Saints themselves, in holy Writ,
 Wou'd trifling Faults sometimes commit;
 No Rank the slaughter'd Fellow bore;—
 A Reptile Shoemaker—no more:
 By some malicious Folks 'twas said
 The Priest had grac'd *Crispino's* Head;
 And, taken in the Fact, had further,
 To lewd Adultery added Murder;
 Absurd! to think a Churchman cou'd
 In such a Cause spill Christian Blood:

When Priests in those religious Times,
 Were charg'd with any heinous Crimes,—
 By Mother Church their Cause was try'd;
 Who else shou'd Churchmen's Cause decide?
 And Justice seated on Church-bench,
 No doubt must prove a spotless Wench:
 Thrice happy Age! When Canon Law
 Unrival'd, kept the World in Awe:
 But now, alas, the Case is alter'd,
 And Priests by Civil Law are halter'd;
 Whence pious Churchmen now maintain
 With Justice—"this is *Satan's* Reign."

By Virtue of Church Absolution,
 That wond'rous chymical Solution,
 The Church has the exclusive Power,
 Men's Souls from *Satan's* Rust to scower;
 To free 'em from corroding Sin,
 And make 'em bright as new-made Pin:—
 Shall those who by Cathedral Spell,
 Can ope the Gates of Heav'n and Hell;
 A Power to Kings as much superior,
 As Earth to Heaven is inferior;
 Shall those to whom such Power's assign'd,
 No Deference from mere Mortals find?
 Pay Churchmen little Veneration,
 You sap the Church's best Foundation;
 And shou'd the Church once tumble,—Hell
 With Joy wou'd ring the World's last Knell.

Am-

Ambassadors, ev'n at this Hour
 Defy the Law's inferior Power;
 Equally free to all Intent
 With those great Kings they represent;
 And Priests from holy Writings shew
 They're Heav'n's Ambassadors below;
 (To punish any holy Priest
 Is breach of Privilege at least)
 From whence this Inference they draw,
 Priests are above the civil Law.

The holy Priest as Culprit stood,
 Charg'd with the shedding Christian Blood;
 The Church sat Judge, and Proofs came thick,
 Inspir'd no doubt by envious Nick;
 The Prisoner *guilty* found;—and here,
 Stop, Reader, and prepare the Tear;
 That one in Rank so highly plac'd,
 That one with *holy* Garments grac'd,
 Shou'd for a trifling *Accident*
 Meet so severe a Punishment:
 But Mother Church has still been known
 Rather too rigid to her own;
 A noble Lesson to Mankind,
 That Justice ever shou'd be blind:—
 The Culprit first prescrib'd Repentance,
 The Court pronounc'd this dreadful Sentence.

“ The

" The Fact so plainly prov'd, the Church decrees,
 " To terrify her Sons from Crimes like these,
 " That from your holy Office as a Priest,
 " You be suspended one whole Year at least."

Justice thus satisfied, 'twas thought,
 The Affair wou'd shortly be forgot ;
 But dire Revenge, conceal'd with Art,
 Oft lurks within the Villain's Heart :
Crispino's Son, for Mischief rise,
 Determines to have Life for Life :
 Some Months *perdue*, like savage Beast
 (Vengeance still gnawing at his Breast)
 He waits——e'er Fortune brings his Prey
 The harmless Priest, within his Way ;
 When thro' his Heart, with Strength convey'd,
 He drives the Dagger's murd'rous Blade ;
 The Priest expires ; the Murd'rer's seiz'd,
 (Revenge thus got)——to die well pleas'd.

Can Crimes like this unmark'd pass by ?
 No angry Token from the Sky ?
 No well-tim'd Earthquake to enclose
 (Churchmen all sav'd)——the Church's Foes ?
 No Thunder to proclaim to Earth,
 That Priests are of celestial Birth ?
 But Heav'n-sent Miracles of late,
 It seems are growing out of Date.

Tho'

Tho' Churchmen are in general tender,
 They vow'd strict Justice on the Offender;
 To Court they fly, and quick *demand*
 The Murd'rer yielded to their Hand;—
 A Brother kill'd! Oh, impious Deed!
 Ev'n Kings themselves had better bleed;
 They fix the Murd'rer's dreadful Doom,
 Both here, and in the World to come.

His Majesty, quite cool and grave,
 To their *Demand* this Answer gave.

“ A Priest a Layman kills :—The Cause
 “ Was try'd by holy Churchmen's Laws;
 “ A Lay-man kills a Priest :—This Time
 “ Our *civil* Law shall judge the Crime.”

The Hour will come, do all you can, Sir,
Satan shall trim you for this Answer :

“ Oh, *Becket! Dunstan! Hildebrand!*
 “ Ye Saints, whose Names distinguish'd stand,
 “ I'th' holy Calendar—look down—
 “ Avenge our Cause—For 'tis your own.”

The Trial comes;—The Murd'rer cast,—
 The King, as Judge, this Sentence pass:

“ The

“ The Fact so plainly prov’d, the Law decrees,
 “ To terrify the World from Crimes like these,
 “ That for a Year the Privilege you lose,
 “ Of making, or of mending Boots and Shoes.”

How just, how severe was the Church's Decree !
How partial, how weak was the civil Law's Bann !
Look back thro' Time's Annals ; in short, you
may see,
It has ever been so, since the World began.

The FEMALE CLAIM.*

A T A L E.

LET Women their own Causes plead,
'Tis ten to one but they succeed.

For many Years with conqu'ring Sword
Tebald the brave, *Spoletto's* Lord,
 His Valour 'gainst the Greeks had shewn,
 And shook *Emanuel* on his Throne ;
 Yet tho' with Foes he strew'd the Plain,
 His Hydra Foes start up again :
 Surpriz'd, he found the more he slew,
 His Enemies more numerous grew ;

In

* The Story on which this is founded, is taken from the ingenious Author of The Essay on the Writings, &c. of POPE.

In order to their Diminution,
 He form'd the strangest Resolution;
 Throughout his Camp he Orders gave,
 That ev'ry *Grecian* Captive Slave,
 Who for the future should be taken,
 Shou'd without Mercy be——*Castraten*;
 (A kind of Punishment, ye Fair,
 Poor *Abelard* was doom'd to bear)
 And in that Order kindly sent
 By Way of friendly Compliment,
 To the *Greek* Emp'ror, in whose Grace,
Castratos held the foremost Place;
 For in his Court, as in our Nation,
 Music was all the Hobby-Fashion:
 One Pipe destroyed, it was intended,
 The other thereby should be mended:
 For all your Naturalists own,
 That when the Bee becomes a Drone,
 Tho', stingless, he can work no more,
 He hums far sweeter than before:
 This *Tebald* boasted in his Mirth,
 Was killing Foes before their Birth:
 The Axe applying to a Root,
 Which, if once cut, wou'd never shoot:
 "Oxen were harmless Beasts, he swore,
 "But Bulls enrag'd wou'd toss and gore;
 "And *Greeks* when of the *neutral* Kind,
 "No Hydra Foes cou'd leave behind;
 "Nor

“ Nor with that holy Text comply,
 “ Which bids——*Encrease and multiply.*”

Affairs for some Time thus went on,
 And many a Captive was *undone* ;
 When one Day (*Tebald* in his Tent,
 Among his Lords in Merriment)
 A *Grecian* Dame, whose lusty Mate
 Had by the cruel Hand of Fate,
 Been Captive made, and bid prepare
 To lose——what Madam *cou'd not spare*,
 Into the General's Presence broke,
 And kneeling, thus the Prince bespoke:

“ Is *Tebald's* Glory sunk so far,
 “ Against weak Woman to make War?
 “ And shall that Sword, which in the Field,
 “ Has ever made his Rivals yield,
 “ Which not by Man can be withstood,
 “ Be poorly stain'd with Woman's Blood?—
 “ Heroes, and *Tebald* sure is one,
 “ To us have still Protection shewn:
 “ A Cock counts all his Brethren Foes,
 “ But among Hens he peaceful crows;
 “ Tho' Bull gores Bull, yet still he scorns
 “ To plunge within the Cow his Horns:
 “ Have Mercy then, most potent Lord,
 “ Nor with our Blood debase your Sword.”

The

The Prince, amaz'd, accosts the Dame——
 “ Why brand’st thou undeserv’d my Name?
 “ When was it ever known, he said,
 “ That Female Blood by me was shed?
 “ Or since the *Amazonian* Race,
 “ (Of your soft Sex the foul Disgrace)
 “ Can it with Justice be averr’d,
 “ That War with Woman was declar’d?”

“ What War more cruel, cries the Fair,
 “ Can *Tebald* ’gainst our Sex declare?
 “ You rob our Mates of what kind Heaven
 “ Has for our Health and Pleasure given;
 “ The joyous Fountain, from whose Source,
 “ Pleasure pours with resistless Force:
 “ It gives us in our Children, Wealth;
 “ Your Lady knows it causes Health:
 “ To that, my Lord, each wedded Dame
 “ Pleads an *exclusive*, lawful Claim;
 “ And mutilating Nature’s Stem,
 “ Is mutilating *Us*, not *THEM*:
 “ For Goods and Cattle I ne’er griev’d,
 “ Cattle and Goods may be retriev’d;
 “ But Woman,—once that Comfort gone,
 “ Is irretrievably undone:
 “ For Mercy then let Truth implore,
 “ Nor lay our Murders at your Door.”

The admiring Chiefs with loud Applause,
 Back her Request, and plead her Cause;
 Ev'n *Tebald's* Princess, with each Look
 A feeling Approbation spoke;
 For shou'd the Chance of War, she thinks,
 (And at the Thought she inward shrinks)
 Throw *Tebald* in the Captive's Place,
 Alas! how frightful her own Case!—

“ Your Pray'r, quo' *Tebald*, shou'd I grant,
 “ With All and every Thing you want;
 “ If on the hostile bloody Plain,
 “ Once more your Husband wear my Chain,
 “ Say Woman, what are you content,
 “ Shou'd be the Ingrate's Punishment?”—

“ My Lord, the honest Dame replies,
 “ My Husband has—Legs, Arms, and Eyes;
 “ These are his own;—and if once more
 “ Ungrateful, he shou'd force your Power,
 “ They're yours, in Right of Victory;
 “ *Take them, my Lord, but rob not me.*”

Tebald convinc'd, admits her Prayer,
 No longer *mutilates the Fair*;
 The army with a loud Acclaim,
 Hail the plain-spoken honest Dame:—
 The Chiefs with Presents large reward her,
 And thro' the Camp in Safety guard her:

Which

Which done;—with her beloved Spouse,
 She Arm in Arm jogs to her—House;
 Not quite recover'd of her Fright,
 Till well *convinc'd*, that *All was Right*.

An EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

On TRIFLING.

FOR Want, Good Sir, of Something better,
 I send you here a Trifling Letter.

The Man who's so amazing wise,
 A little Trifling to despise,
 Tho' for a *Solomon* he pass,
 Is Trifle better than an Ass,
 That on dry prickly Thistles mumbles,
 And cheerless ever, brays and grumbles:
Sans Trifling, Life were a poor Feast,
 Where Man would fit a Humdrum Guest,
 But Trifling, mirthful, full of Glee,
 With Health to bear her Company,
 Enters;—at once dispels our Gloom,
 And kicks Spleen headlong from the Room.

Trifling to Wisdom's near ally'd,
 Altho' by Pedants 'tis deny'd;
 And in Truth's Maxims 'tis a Rule,
 The graver, still the greater Fool:

Like Master *Stephen*,* Sons of Folly
 Are greatly giv'n to *Melancholy*.
 And wise Men oft thro' Trifling's Road
 Arrive at Wisdom's snug Abode:
 Aided by that, we Truths discern,
 And Mankind's inmost Passions learn.

Cromwel, altho' he was no Fool,
 Wou'd often romp like Boy at School;
 And *Prussia's* King sometimes descends,
 And blind-man-buffs it 'mong his Friends:
 On Gravity when Monarchs trample,
 Courtiers will follow their Example;
 No longer then their Thoughts they stifle,
 Men's Souls are honest when they trifle;
 Hypocrisy aside is thrown,
 And for a Time Truth takes the Throne.

Scipio the Wise, in Days of Yore,
 Oft trifled on *Cumea's* Shore;
 With *Lelius* laugh'd, indulg'd his Freaks,
 And play'd (Boy-like) at Ducks and Drakes:
 And *Julius Cæsar*, as we read,
 Was a true Buck of the first Head;
 And Bucks, I'm sure, must be allow'd
 To van it in the Trifling Crowd.

Ev'n

* A Character in Every Man in his Humour.

Ev'n *Solomon*, the Man most wise,
 That ever breath'd beneath the Skies,
 Had long thro' Pleasure's Magic rov'd,
 And all the Joys of Trifling prov'd:—
 When he had got his *Quantum suff.*
 Or rather more than was enough,
 He *wisely* said—"That Life, alas!
 "Was *Vanitatum Vanitas*:"
 But when he conquer'd mawky Spleen,
 He *wisely* trifled on again;
 And in old Age, as Records shew,
 He kept a large *Seraglio*;
 And all the Pleasures he found there,
 Were *Trifling*, we may safely swear.

May I aver, without Offence,
 Trifling's a Thing of Consequence?

Poets and grave Logicians own,
 That all the World to Trifling's prone:
 We see what Crouds dispute and jar
 On Politics, on Peace and War;
 Or give a positive Decision
 On *Patagonians*, or Religion;
 On Inward Grace, or *Cock-lane Ghost*,
 On *Nabobs*, or some favourite Toast;
 On Op'ras, or on Matter's Essence,
 On Farces, or the Soul's Quintessence;

On *Chatham*, *Bute*, or Patriot *Wilkes*,
 On Cookery—or Price of Silks;
 On Faith, that Anchor of Salvation,
 Or such like Trifling Disputation;
 What are they all but Trifling Jokes?
 (At least made so by Trifling Folks)
 And yet those Trifles give Enjoyment,
 By finding Trifling Minds Employment.

Your Graduates of *Gresham* College,
 Maugre their Gravity and Knowledge,
 Have lately to the World approv'd,
 How very much they Trifling lov'd;
 For Trifles they can scold and prate,
 And fight like Wives at Billingsgate:
 Such Trifling we'd excuse—but when
 They raise the death-denouncing Pen,
 Pluck'd from the boding Raven's Wing,
 It then becomes a serious Thing;
 "In pops grim Death, th' arresting Serjeant,
 "With—*Sir, your most obedient Servant.*"

Ev'n at *St Stephen's* some Folk say,
 That Trifling bears a mighty Sway;
 And yet I doubt the Truth,—for who
 A Trifling Member ever knew?

Love by Experience we find,
 Chief Source of Pleasure to Mankind;

And

And Lovers' Actions always prove,
Trifling's the very Soul of Love.

Women are call'd in Ridicule,
The Trifling Sex by every Fool:
But Fools destroy their Spleen's Intent,
By paying them a Compliment:
What gains our Wonder and our Praise?
Their thousand pretty trifling Ways:
By Trifling only they maintain
Their Empire, and despotic reign:
And Female Wit, which so surprizes,
From Trifling evermore arises.

But of all Triflers under Heaven,
Rhymesters are most to Trifling given;
They spin in Trifles their poor Brains,
And get but Trifles for their Pains;
And what particularly shews 'em
Coxcombs, to every Soul that knows them,
Is,—That they boast with Fronts of Brass,
Favours from Misses of *Parnass*.
When ev'ry living Mortal knows,
Each Muse is still an unpluck'd Rose.

Rhymesters howe'er, may boast their Use;—
The Trifling Nothings they produce,
Serve Triflers on a rainy Day,
To *while* an idle Hour away.

These

These few, in short, may serve as Samples,
 Among ten thousand like Examples,
 That Trifling is a real Ingredient,
 And to our Happiness expedient.

But after all, Good Sir, I deem,
 We should not use it in Extreme
 Thinking and Trifling help each other,
 As Friend helps Friend, or Brother Brother:
 Ev'n as the human Body tires,
 And Sleep's recruiting Balm requires,
 Trifling the same Effect produces,
 And fits the Soul for noblest Uses:
 In this the truest Wisdom lies,
 Still to be Merry and be Wise.

Excuse, my Patron and my Friend,
 Those trifling Cramboes which I send;
 You're tir'd of Trifling by this Time,
 And so I'll end my Trifling Rhyme.

With Love to Friends, I'm your most Fervent,
 Obedient, Trifling, Humble Servant.

*May Four—The Day extremely fine;
 Seventeen Hundred, Sixty-Nine.*

PLUMB

PLUMB-PUDDING.

A F A B L E.

TWO Boys at Christmas Dinner plac'd,
 The Board a large Plumb-Pudding grac'd;
 Their Plates well heap'd they glad survey,
 But each indulg'd a different Way:
Jack, who was greedy of the Plumbs,
 First pick'd them out, then lick'd his Thumbs;
 He eat, and said—" 'Twas special Good:"
 His Plumbs devour'd—The Remnant Food
 Quite plain, now prov'd a worthless Store;
 He tasted, but cou'd eat no more;
 The Sweets had spoil'd his Relish quite;
 Pudding unplumb'd gives no Delight;
 And to acquire more Plumbs unable,
 Hungry, he crying left the Table.

With much more Caution *Dick* proceeds,
 And on the plumbless Portion feeds;
 His Feast determin'd to conclude
 With Plumbs, that rich, delicious Food;
 But when the Plain was swallow'd, *Dick*
 Had eat so much, he was quite sick;
 His Appetite, alas, was flown,
 And ev'n for Plumbs his Relish gone:

Like

Like *Tantalus* he view'd his Store,—
 And cry'd,—for he cou'd hold no more;
 And what he'd sav'd with miser Care,
 A better Appetite must heir.

He who his Plumbs unmix'd destroys,
 Will soon regret his short-liv'd Joys;
 While He who keeps 'em for the last,
 Too late will mourn a blunted Taste:
 Then let us take the Plain with Sweet,
 And like good Boys our Pudding eat,
 Just as 'tis cut us from above,
 Nor Prodigals or Misers prove.



To a Discarded FAVOURITE.

FLUTTERING within a sunny Ray,
 A shining Mote was heard to say,
 “In *Me* what Glories are display'd!
 “For *Me* the Sun and Stars were made:
 “For *Me*”——The Sun his Beams withdrew,
 The *Mote* was lost——and so are *You*.

FIDE-

F I D E L I A

THE rolling Year, again brought on the Day,
 That snatch'd from *Lucius* half his Soul away;
 That Day on which he mournful Vigils kept,
 And o'er *Fidelia's* Tomb in Anguish wept:
Fidelia gone! Life is to him no more,
 Than a lone Walk upon a dreary Shore.

Deep Silence reign'd, the Midnight Hour was past,
 And Darkness o'er the Globe her Veil had cast;
 In vain the peaceful Bed invites to Rest,
 No Room for Peace in woe-fraught *Lucius's* Breast:
 Sigh follows Sigh, and Groan responses Groan,
 Nor wonder, since from Earth *Fidelia's* flown;
 When sudden, quick as Light'ning, to his Sight
 (Darkness dispell'd) a Vision heavenly bright
 Stood at his Feet; the smiling Form he knew,
 And all *Fidelia* brightens to his View;
 His Pulses flutt'ring beat, he wou'd have spoke,
 But wild Amaze his half-form'd Accents choak;
 When thus, in Sounds which long had bless'd his Ear,
 The Vision strives her *Lucius's* Breast to cheer.

“ Can Sight of me, the lovely Phantom said,
 “ (And smiling spoke) in *Lucius* raise a Dread?—
 “ With Smiles my *Lucius* erst was wont to greet,
 “ And his *Fidelia* still with Raptures meet;

“ In

“ In me the same *Fidelia* you view,
 “ As loving, kind, as friendly, and as true.

“ That Hour, that long wish'd Hour, which
 kindly gave,
 “ My Soul to Heaven, my Body to the Grave;
 “ To hear the Groans that rent your throbbing
 Breast,
 “ While in your Arms my pulseless Corps you prest;
 “ While fix'd on me alone you groan'd Despair,
 “ My pitying Soul still hover'd in the Air,
 “ Almost reluctant flew to Joys above,
 “ For *Lucius* shar'd with Heaven *Fidelia's* Love.

“ Your Sighs, your Pray'rs, by me convey'd to
 Heav'n,
 “ Once more to Earth *Fidelia* have given;
 “ The heavenly Balm of lenient Hope to pour,
 “ And Peace, long banish'd, to your Soul restore:

“ Did Mortals know their Maker, they'd revere
 “ And glow with grateful Love, devoid of Fear;
 “ How merciful! How loving to Mankind!
 “ Their God! Creator! Parent and their Friend!—
 “ No Bug-bear Tyrant thirsting after Blood,
 “ But a kind Father, merciful and good.

“ How then can Man ungratefully presume
 “ To paint th' Almighty with a Demon's Gloom?
 “ How can he impiously a Tyrant call,
 “ That God who into Being *smil'd* us all.

“ How

“ How with a jaundic’d Eye to Heaven impart,
 “ A cheerless Picture from a cheerless Heart ?
 “ Or with mean selfish Views the World deceive,
 “ Or force with *Threats* their Vot’ries—to believe,

“ When Death my *Lucius* from his Chains shall
 free,

“ And give him to immortal Joys and me ;——
 “ (Oh, let not Death my *Lucius* affright,
 “ Death is our Angel-Guide to Realms of Light)
 “ With Love Seraphic shall *Fidelia* tend,
 “ And lead to Raptures which shall never end ;
 “ Thro’ Fields of Ether infinite to rove ;
 “ New Scenes of ever-varying Bliss to prove :
 “ But what those Joys, or from what Fountains flow,
 “ Must ne’er, so Heav’n ordains, transpire below ;——
 “ If known, Mortals wou’d burst their Chains of Clay,
 “ And rush, unbidden, to the Realms of Day.

“ Let *Lucius* then with Resignation wait,
 “ Till Death to Joys immortal shall translate ;
 “ And when Heav’n calls to a celestial Birth,
 “ And bids release from Cares, from Pain and Earth,
 “ Boldly launch forth : Fear nothing ; hope the best ;
 “ By me Heav’n thus commands,——*Hope, and be
 blest.*”——

She smil’d, she wav’d her Hand, and sudden Night,
 Conceal’d the lovely Image from his Sight :
 Her Words to Peace his anxious Soul restor’d,
 And, kneeling, Heav’n with Gratitude he strait ador’d.

The PEDLAR and RASHER of BACON.

A T A L E.

“ **W**HAT on a Fast-Day, thou vile Glutton!
 “ Thou Infidel! To feast on Mutton!—
 “ Nothing can save you from the Birch,
 “ But Off’rings made to Mother Church;
 “ Else holy Candle, Book and Bell,
 “ Shall sign your *Mittimus* to Hell.”——
 Thus having threaten’d poor Lay Sinner,
 Sir Priest sits down to a Flesh Dinner;
 And after shipping his own Cargo,
 On others Guts lays strict Embargo.

A Pedlar hungry, tir’d, and cold,
 Who many a Mile that Day had stroll’d,
 Came to a Peasant’s friendly Hut,
 Where he had often stuff’d his Gut;——
 “ How fare you, Pedlar?——Faith, so, so;
 “ I’m tir’d and hungry, you must know:
 “ Some good fat Collops I cou’d eat;”——
 “ Sure, quo’ the Peasant, you forget:
 “ The Holy Church enjoins, to Day
 “ That we must fast, confess and pray;”
 (You’re to observe the Scene was *Spain*,
 Where Priests and Saints despotic reign)
 “ Two or three Onions are the Tote
 “ That journey’d this Day down my Throat;
 “ Nor

" Nor have I now one Morfel left,
 " Of every Eatable bereft,
 " But this same Bacon Flitch, and such
 " No Catholic wou'd dare to touch :"
 The Pedlar cast a longing Eye,
 He begg'd—he swore most bitterly,
 " A savoury Rasher on the Coal,
 " Was what he long'd for from his Soul;
 " That Windows shut, and Doors well barr'd
 " 'Gainst Priests and Saints wou'd snugly guard;
 " And after all, if he was caught,
 " An Absolution might be bought."

The tim'rous Peasant long deny'd,
 At length thro' Pity he comply'd;
 And having from the Pork-side taken
 A good large Sliver of fat Bacon,
 " I wash my Hands of all, he cries,
 " At your own Door the Trespafs lies;
 " But if our Priest shou'd find you out,
 " By th' Mass he'll make a woundy Rout;
 " Such Pennance he'll inflict—you'll wish
 " Your Bacon Slice had been a Fish."

The Pedlar had his Rasher dress'd,
 His Looks a joyous Heart express'd;
 And to his Mouth without delaying,
 The savoury Morfel quick conveying,
 Just at the Instant, a loud Clap
 Of Thunder—Lord have Mercy!—slap—

Came like a bold intruding Guest,
 To interrupt him in his Feast:
 The Pedlar judging, that no doubt,
 The Rasher caus'd this fearful Rout,
 And that the Saints, with half an Eye
 Had seen him smuggling from their Sky;
 The Morfel, Cause of all this Din,
 Which Mouth had open'd to take in,
 He drops amaz'd:—And with a Look,
 Which Grief and Rage, and Hunger spoke;
 And dashing down both Meat and Platter,
 He cries——“Zeens, here's a Noise and Clatter
 “ About a footy Bacon Slice;
 “ You Saints above are dev'lish nice:—
 “ There,—now I hope you'll be quite easy,
 “ The Devil's in't, if this won't please ye;
 “ Tho' by the Bye 'tis plaguy hard;—
 “ You wou'd not like yourselves to be thus serv'd.”

(Tune, *Chevy-Chase*.)

*Let Christians hence on Fast Days learn,
 Their Hunger's Tide to stem;
 For Saints, sly Rogues! can us discern
 When we see nought of them.*



On Mrs B—'s safe DELIVERY of a DAUGHTER,
1766.

AS *Jove* on high *Olymp.* was quaffing
Nectar, and 'mong his Godlings laughing;
(For Gods and Godlings now and then
Can laugh and drink as well as Men)
Petitions 'gainst the Trap-Door——thump——
As if from Cannon shot, came——plump;
And with such Force, that *Jove* amaz'd
Order'd the Trap-Door to be rais'd:*——
Which done;——without the least Decorum,
Prayers jostling Prayers, burst in before 'em;
And with such Noise,——*Jove* 'gan to stare,
And thought all *Billingsgate* was there;
For Mortals, in their Prayers, 'tis said,
Are often strangely underbred,
Nor to the Gods that Rev'rence shew,
That's due from clay-built Folks below.——
Some pray'd for Fame, and some for Health,
Some for a Wench——some pray'd for Wealth;
Thro' Fear of Hell some Wretches pray'd,
Some pray'd——for Praying was their Trade;
For Wives some pray'd——but well-a-day!
More pray'd——to take their Wives away;

C 3

Some

* See the Story of *Menippus* in the *Spectator*, No. 391.——In which, Prayers are said to enter Heaven thro' a Trap-Door, occasionally opened and shut as *Jupiter* happens to be in the Humour.

Some pray'd for this, and some for that,
 And many for—they knew not what:
 But what struck *Jove* more than the rest,
 Were some short Pray'rs so warmly prest,
 They spoke the Suppliants quite sincere,
 Which made *Jove* kindly lend an Ear;
 For *Jove* (fly Rogue!) knows—from the Tongue
 Or from the Heart, if Pray'rs are sprung.

“ Great *Jove*, the Suppliants loud exclaim,
 “ Kindly assist the pregnant Dame,
 “ Guard *Bellamira* from Disaster,
 “ And safely guide—or Miss or Master:
 “ No common Cause demands our Prayer,
 “ In *Bellamira* thousands spare.

This and much more his Godship heard,
 From many Suppliants preferr'd;
 But none more clam'rous seem'd than one,
 An odd droll-looking Simpleton,
 Who *Jove* in blundering Terms address;
 He own'd—This was his first Request,
 And swore, if *Jove* wou'd kindly save her,
 He ne'er wou'd ask another Favour.
Jove smil'd, and casting down an Eye,
Scrub on his Marrow-Bones did spy;
 Which plain as Sun at Noon-Day, spoke
 The Affair to *Scrub* had been no Joke.

But

But what *Jove* thought was most observant,
 Ev'n her own Spouse in Pray'r was fervent;
 For Husbands seldom now a Day,
 For their Wives Preservation pray;—
 He long to Peace had been a Stranger,
 Joyless, his dearest *Bell*. in Danger;
 And wou'd have sacrific'd his Life,
 Unfashion'd Thing! to save his Wife.
Jove smil'd, and thought it somewhat strange,
 (For *Jove* himself is giv'n to Change)
 That Mortals shou'd the Gods excel,
 And from their Betters bear the Bell;
 For be it spoken to *Jove's* Shame,
 Nor he, nor any of his Name,
 To *Dinmow* Flitch cou'd e'er lay Claim. }

To Constancy a perfect Stranger,
Jove in his Heart's an errant *Ranger*;
 In snug Disguise he often quits
Olymp. to feast on Mortal Bits;
 And Flesh and Blood prefers by th' Bye
 To all the Beauties of the Sky;
 For which Dame *Juno* scolds and hectors,
 And pays him off with Curtain Lectures.

Yet *Jove* himself, tho' Buck compleat,
 As e'er frequented *Russel-street*,
 To Mortals has forbad such Jokes,
 And threatens all your naughty Folks,

If

If they'll not mend and say their Pray'rs,
 Old *Nick* shall carry 'em down Stairs —
 Hard Case! that *Jove* shou'd Laws ordain,
 Which *Jove* himself treats with Disdain:
 But Laws were made to rule the Throng,
 Your Gods and Kings are never wrong.

“ My Friends, quo’ *Jove*, stroaking his Face,
 “ In Troth this is no common Case;
 “ Thousands, you see, in sad Contrition,
 “ For yon good Wife i’th’ Straw petition;
 “ And *Viva Voce* all aver,
 “ Their Happiness depends on her:
 “ The Knocker ty’d, the Straw thick spread,
 “ The Nurses hobbling round the Bed;
 “ The throbbing Breast, the tearful Eye,
 “ Speak grim-fac’d Danger to be nigh:
 “ Then fly this Instant;—downward speed,
 “ To aid her, in this Hour of Need;
 “ In *B*——’s Shape, *Lucina*, shew
 “ All that *Obstetric* Art can do:
 “ You, *Phæbus*, quick to *Hull* repair,
 “ Assume your Brother *C*——’s Air,
 “ And Med’cine’s utmost Skill impart,
 “ To sooth her Pains, and cheer her Heart:
 “ And, *Pallas*, see your friendly Aid
 “ In *E*——’s lovely Form convey’d,
 “ That fav’rite Form you oft have wore,
 “ To charm the World with Wisdom’s Lore;
 “ In

" In sweet Discourse *your* Med'cine pour'd,
 " Will soften what *must* be endur'd :—
 " While I, her lov'd Lord's tender Breast,
 " With Hope's sweet Balm will calm to Rest,

" And now, hear *Fate*—hear *Destiny*;—
 " By *Styx* I swear :—'Tis *Jove's* Decree;—
 " Soon shall a Cherub see the Light,
 " As *Venus* from the Ocean bright;
 " And with a wonder-working Smile,
 " Her fondling Mother's Pangs beguile :
 " Her Welfare shall be Heav'n's own Care,
 " As Father wise, as Mother fair;
 " Like both in one, replete with Spirit,
 " Good-nature, Wit—in short, all Merit.

" The Parents' Virtues to requite,
 " Wing'd be their Days with true Delight;
 " Health shall her choicest Blessings shed,
 " The Loves shall crown their genial Bed;
 " Fortune with Smiles shall still befriend 'em,
 " And—Heaven's best Gift—Content attend 'em;
 " Blessing and blest, they long shall shew
 " Example to Mankind below,
 " That *Happiness is Virtue's Prize*,
 " And, *to be good, is to be wise*.

" And when Death summons, as all must,
 " From whence they came, return to Dust,

" One

" One single Grave, one friendly Mold,
 " In Union shall their Clay enfold;
 " Their Souls as one shall still unite,
 " And endless feast in Realms of Light;
 " On Earth their Virtues too survive,
 " And in their lovely Offspring live."

Jove spoke, and awful gave the Nod,
 While *Fate* submissive own'd the God.



The ROBIN'S COMPLAINT to CLOE.

A S O N G.

“ **W**ITHIN a wiry Prison bent, X
 “ Far from my constant Mate,
 “ O think,—with Pity think, dear Maid,
 “ How wretched is my Fate:
 “ Of me depriv'd, perhaps ev'n now,
 “ For Grief she yields her Breath;
 “ And Oh!----I feel, depriv'd of her,
 “ I soon shall bow to Death.
 “ If in a Nunnery's gloomy Walls
 “ From Lovers' Joys debar'd,
 “ Like me coop'd up---indeed you'd think,
 “ Your fate was wond'rous hard:
 “ Then as you wish yourself—to taste
 “ Love's Joys, and Liberty;
 “ Have Mercy on your little Bird,
 “ And kindly set me free.”——

Thus in a narrow Cage confin'd,
 A Robin sweetly grieves;
 Cloe relents;----and to her Bird
 Immediate Freedom gives:
 The God of Love rewards the Fair,
 He fires her fav'rite Swain;
 He gives her all Love's Bliss to know,
 Free from Love's bitter Pain.

The

The

The PEASANT and MASTIFF.

A F A B L E.

WHERE Nile, the King of Floods,
 bestows
 His genial Blessings as he flows,
 A widow'd Peasant, that with Care
 Foster'd a darling Infant Heir,
 The only Offspring of a Wife,
 Dearer, when living, than his Life,
 Abroad on urgent Business bent,
 Forth from his homely Cottage went;
 His Babe asleep in Cradle lying,
 (No further Need of lullabying)
 His fav'rite Dog too left behind,
 His Child and House's Guard design'd:—
 Ended his Business, soon the Swain
 Returns to his lov'd Charge again;
 He lifts the Latch, (his little Cot,
 No other Bar or Fence had got)
 His Dog with conscious Sound and Tail
 (In Dogs can Treachery prevail!)
 Joy more than usual expresses,
 Twisting his Form with fond Caresses;
 But, Oh, how great was his Surprise!
 All smear'd with Blood the Dog he spies;
 His frightful Jaws distain'd with Gore,
 Suspicious Marks of Murder bore:

The

The frighted Parent looks around,
 No little Darling's to be found;
 The Cradle overturn'd----The rest
 By Fear and wild Despair was guest;
 The Infant's Fate each Object shews;
 The Murd'rer in his Dog he views.
 He rag'd, he tore his Hair, he swore,
 And with a Hatchet which he bore,
 Dealing a vengeful Blow, he strait
 Consign'd the Mastiff to his Fate;
 Then headlong to the Cradle flies,
 Which rais'd (Amazement all!) he spies
 His smiling Treasure on the Floor,
 Asleep, unwounded and secure;
 And not far distant from the Child,
 A monstrous Serpent, newly kill'd,
 All torn and bloody, which 'twas plain
 The faithful murder'd Dog had slain—
 Slain in his Baby's dear Defence,
 To save from Death its Innocence;
 And in the Fray, so says the Fable,
 Were overset—both Child and Cradle.

*If to the Moral you attend,
 You'll ne'er unheard, condemn your Friend.*

D

E D-

EDWARD and CLARA.*

“ **H**ASTE, *Edward*, haste,---Oh, quick-
ly, haste,

“ Like Lightning speed away;

“ And to where Love and Safety dwell,

“ Thy *Clara* swift convey.

“ Nor darksome Night, or Forest drear,

“ Can frightful Thoughts inspire;

“ Since from a hated Lover freed,

“ And an unfeeling Sire.

“ The sacred Rites, the fatal Pomp,

“ Proclaim my destin'd Doom;

“ But sooner shall To-morrow's Sun

“ Behold me in my Tomb.

“ Cou'd Parent see his kneeling Child,

“ And not incline an Ear?

“ Not ev'n the Vulture will the Heart

“ Of his own Offspring tear.

“ What's

* *Clara*, Daughter of Earl *Witgulph*, being enamoured of *Edward*, a young Gentleman of inferior Rank and Fortune, made her Escape into a neighbouring Forest, (where she had appointed to meet *Edward*) in order to avoid a Marriage with *Edred* Earl of *Mercia*, to whom her Father had determined to sacrifice her the next Day.

" What's *Mercia's* haughty Lord to me?

" I scorn a pageant Crown;

" While in my *Edward's* Heart I reign,

" On Monarchs I look down.

" Have I a Parent lost?—My Friends,

" My Kindred all unkind?

" Ah no!—all these, and much, much more,

" In *Edward* I shall find.

" What tho' I boast a Thane my Sire,

" Thou'rt not of low Degree:

" But what's, compar'd to Worth like Thine,

" A Tinsel Ancestry?

" Come, *Edward*, come; far from this Scene

" Of Danger we'll remove;

" To stay is Death: 'Tis worse than Death,

" Depriv'd of what we love.

" Haste, *Edward* haste---Thy *Clara* calls;

" Oh, Whence this long Delay?

" Alas! I fear:—Thou wert not wont

" Thus to prolong thy Stay."

She said—And lo, a Voice was heard,

Not Thunder more cou'd wound:

" O Heav'n!" she cry'd—For well she knew

Her Father's awful Sound.

“ Degenerate Wretch! Think not unknown

“ Thy purpos’d Scheme,” he cry’d;

“ Pursu’d, o’erta’en, thy low-born Choice,

“ Has for Presumption died—”

Her Eyes she rais’d:—Poor *Edward* lay,

With many a Wound defac’d;

She scream’d—and falling on the Bier,

His bleeding Corpse embrac’d.

No short-liv’d Eloquence of Tears

Her inward Conflicts shew;

But in her Eye, all wild, appears

Unutterable Woe.

“ Unfeeling, barbarous, cruel Sire!

“ We never more will part:”

She drew a Bodkin from her Hair.

She pierc’d her faithful Heart.

United now in one pure Stream,

The crimson Channels flow;

And, as if conscious of their Fate,

Blush with a richer glow.

An only Child destroy’d—The Thane

Repentance feels too late;

And an unpity’d broken Heart,

Soon gives him to his Fate.

Written

Written on a blank Leaf of SHAKESPEARE.

O H, *Shakespeare! Shakespeare!* How thy Magic charms!

Now wakes to Rage, and now as quick disarms;
Sooths, pierces, melts :—Hurries our Souls away,
Leaving untenanted our Shells of Clay.

Those Worlds which *Alexander* wish'd in vain
With murd'ring lawless Conquest to obtain,
Thy more victorious Pen (that Magic Wand!)
Charms from their Spheres to hail thy great Command:
Elves, Witches, Demons start up at thy Call;
You Naturalize, what *was* Unnatural.

A single Word of thine delineates more
Than Pages from a modern Play-wright's Store:
Our Language is too weak to make thee known,
You form a richer Language of your own:
Shakesperian all!—You charm us, while around,
We tread *Parnassian* consecrated Ground.

In a fine Phrenzy rolling, your keen Eye
Pierces the Depth of vast Profundity;
Quicker than *Jove's* own Lightning rapid flies,
And at your plastic Touch new Beings rise:
What Worlds are by thy wond'rous *Fiat* made!
Thou Great Creator! I had almost said.

D 3 The

The Critic's pigmy Basis you despise,
 All Nature is the Base on which You rise;
 To others as superior your Quill,
 As *Atlas* to the Mole-constructed Hill:
 Like Larks at best *They* skim our nether Skies,
 Whilst Eagle *Shakespeare* to Heav'n's Summit flies,
 Perches *Jove's* Sceptre, waits his awful Nod,
 Or grasps the dreadful Thunder of the God.

If it be true what Critics oft have said,
 That Admiration is of Folly bred,
 Grant Heav'n, that Folly's Paths I still attend,
 And wear her Liv'ry to my Being's End.



The T O P S.

FROM School and from Grammar releas'd,
as one Day,

Two Youngsters with Tops were indulging at Play,
With whipping and scourging while one was
employ'd,

The other his Castle-Top coolly enjoy'd:—

Old *Lucius* their Tutor, who well knew the Art,
From Subjects most trifling wise Rules to impart,
Thus spoke as he ey'd 'em— “ Good Pupils, observe,
“ And close in your Bosom this Lesson preserve:

“ Young Boys are like Tops: Think a little,
you'll find,

“ Like Tops, that you're all of the versatile Kind:

“ Bad Lads are like Whipping Tops: From the
Beginning,

“ Quite idle, unless Signior *Whip* keeps 'em
spinning:

“ *E contra*, good Lads are like Castle-Tops found,

“ Who spin free and willing without Lash or Wound:

“ A Lash wou'd a Castle-Top's Spirits abolish,

“ Would trip up its Heels, and its Spinning demolish;

“ Good Boys too with whipping would soon lose
their Fire,

“ While Idlers, like whipping Tops, lashing require.

“ Then

“ Then wisely the Castle-Top take for your
Guide,

“ Spin freely,——Scourge never shall tickle your
Hide.”

On our MODERN COMEDIES.

*S*hakespeare and Johnson, with the learned Corps,
Of Poets, much admir'd in Days of Yore,
From Nature drew their Characters like Fools;
Our modern Play-wrights follow wiser Rules:
Pictures from Life they scorn to let you see;
Not Nature—but what Nature *ought* to be;
Your low-liv'd Humor, Wit, and such poor Stuff,
In Times of Ignorance did well enough: —
In this *Refin'd*, this Novel-reading Age,
They've banish'd all such Nonsense from the Stage;
No Wonder Play-wrights swarm in those blest Days,
Sermons, they find, are easier *made* than *Plays*.



Miss

Miss N A N C Y.

M I S S F A B L E.

THE doating Parents grieve and fret,
 Lest they should lose their only Pet;
Miss Nancy, by devouring Sweets,
 Was grown as pale as her own Sheets;
 Have 'em she wou'd—What Nurse wou'd chuse
 So sweet a Baby to refuse?
 For tho' a Prodigy of Wit,
Miss had not seen four Twelvemonths yet;
 To Death almost indulg'd, old *Mentor*,
 Their grave Physician, quick was sent for;
 This Son of *Galen*, straitway brib'd,
 Bitters and Gruel were prescrib'd;
 But how, alas, shall *Miss* be brought,
 To swallow such a nauseous Draught;—
 If Physic call'd, Mamma well knows
Miss wou'd turn up her little Nose.
 Tho' very young, *Nancy* observ'd
 Mamma with Tea was duly serv'd;
 And oft she whim'ring cry'd—" 'Twas hard
 " *Nancy* of Tea shou'd be debarr'd:—"
 The Hint Mamma with Prudence takes,
 In Tea-Pot the Prescription makes,
 The healthful Viand serves to *Nancy*;
 This straitway tickles *Miss*'s Fancy;
 The Aparatus all declares
 'Twas Tea on which *Miss Nancy* fares;

And

And tho' her Face she sometimes screw'd,
 "She vow'd her Tea was vastly good;"—
 (Ev'n Nurlings strive with Might and Main,
 For little Women to be ta'en)
 And Milk, tho' sugar'd, henceforth scorning,
 She drank her Med'cine-Tea each Morning;
 Takes her disgustful Mefs with Glee,
 Because Mamma surnames it Tea.

Let not grown Wisdom with a Smile,
 Miss *Nancy's* childish Folly blame;
 For few now breathe in *Britain's* Isle,
 But what are cheated with a Name.



On a beautiful Young LADY, remarkably vain, who
died of the SMALL-POX.

A Few Days since *Cleora* shone confest,
The loveliest Nymph that ever grac'd
our Plain,

And tho' by *Venus* and the Graces drest,
She was not half so fair, as she was vain.

Admiring Swains sincerest Homage paid,
New Conquests ev'ry Hour her Charms could
boast;

But all those Conquests which her Beauties made,
Were by her boundless Pride and Folly lost.

How chang'd the Scene! No more she gives Delight,
To foul *Variolæ** a lifeless Prey;
Offensive to the Touch, the Smell, the Sight;
Who once admir'd—now loathing turn away.

That Form which moulded was from Beauty's
Queen

Raises Disgust :— Think, Virgins, think
how soon,

Those Beauties now with Admiration seen
May change, alas!—before yon weaning Moon.

Beauty!

* The Small-Pox so called.

Beauty! What is it but a short-liv'd Flower?
 And what is Life itself? A Pigmy's Span:
 Perhaps the Durance of a single Hour,
 And Pride, curst Pride, was never made for Man.

*On seeing a LAW BOOK bound in uncoloured
 Calf, and white Edges.*

WITH unstain'd Edges, and in spotless Calf,
 A Law Book bound must make a Stoic
 laugh;

For in that striking Emblem you may see,
 Not what Law *is*, but what the Law *should* be:
 A Law Book thus in the Law Livery drest,
 Is like a Jesuit in a Lay-man's Vest;
 'Tis like a Strumpet cloath'd in spotless White,
 'Tis like a bitter Apple, fair to Sight;
 'Tis like a simple Quaker, plain and neat,
 That with his Yeas and Noes is sure to cheat:
 'Tis like a Pirate, that false Colours shews,
 Or Hecla's Flames conceal'd in Virgin Snows;
 'Tis like—In short, 'tis like Dan Milton's Sin,
 All fair without, but monst'rous foul within.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

A T A L E.

WHILE yet the World was in its Teens,
(Of Centuries, the Poet means)

By *Jove* commission'd from above,
Straight to the Earth flew *Death* and *Love*:
As mutual Benefits design'd
To shed their Blessings on Mankind.—
Love like a fair *Adonis* shone,
Nor *Death* appear'd that Skeleton
Which modern Painters falsely shew him,
(To judge from them you'd scarcely know him)
His Face, tho' somewhat pale and thin,
Was smiling, and devoid of Grin;
He was, in Air, Shape, Voice, and Feature,
A decent, unforbidding Creature:
A Bow and Arrows either bore,
Both welcome Guests at every Door;—
Death was commissioned to set free
Old palsied Age from Misery;
And *Love* his Arrows to employ,
In dealing that enchanting Joy,
Without which Heav'n would tasteless prove;—
For what were Heav'n, unblest'd with *Love*?
Love's Pow'r the Young and Fair obey,
While Age hail'd *Death*'s obliging Sway;

E

Each

Each courted as Man's guardian Friend,
Tho' widely different their End. —

For some Time Matters smoothly went,
Happy the Young—the Old content:
When *Death* and *Love* travelling together,
The Ev'ning dark, stormy the Weather,
Quick to a neighbouring Farm they sped,
They crav'd a Supper and a Bed:
The honest Farmer and his Dame,
He *Camus* call'd,—*Demea* her Name,
With Hospitality sincere,
A Welcome gave, and wholesome Cheer:—
The Guests, to entertain the Peasant,
Crack'd Jokes, told Tales, and Stories pleasant;
Talk'd Scandal, and abus'd the Great,
Pity'd the Poor, reform'd the State;
They chatted, drank, and laugh'd, 'till tir'd,
Shook Hands, and then to Bed retir'd.

But our good Dame, who, by the bye,
Had some small Curiosity,
Observ'd the Quivers which each Guest
With Care conceal'd under his Vest;
She wonder'd what they could contain,
She thought, re-thought—she rack'd her Brain;
And when her Guests, all weary, slept,
She snugly to their Chamber crept;
Their Quivers seiz'd, and strait withdrew,
Impatient the Contents to view;

She

She emptied 'em upon the Floor,
 Eagerly view'd 'em o'er and o'er,
 The variegated Feathers eyes
 With Admiration and Surprize;
 But fearing lest her Guests should wake,
 And Umbrage at her Peeping take,
 Hurrying—poor *Demea* so commix'd 'em,
 When in the Quivers she refix'd 'em,
 That many of *Love's* Darts convey'd,
 Into *Death's* fatal Quiver stray'd;
 And, *vice versa*, *Death's* were found
 Among *Love's* Arrows to abound;
 Which prov'd the Source of such Mistakes,
 Such unaccountable, strange Freaks,
 That by this Accident so scurvy,
 All Nature seem'd turn'd topsy turvey.—
Death's Arrows, twang'd from *Cupid's* Bow,
 Now breathless laid *Love's* Votaries low;
 And *Cupid's* Darts, from *Death's* fell Quiver,
 Now for the first Time pierc'd the Liver
 Of ill-starr'd Age, who loud complains
 Of Fires shot thro' his shrivell'd Veins:—
 Hence we behold the wrinkled Dame,
 With youthful Airs avow her Flame;
 Or Square-Toes like a Coxcomb cry,
 “If *Cloe* proves unkind, I die.”—
 In short, since this curst blundering Æra,
 Man's Happiness is all Chimera.

Oh, *Female Curiosity!*
Great Source of Man's Felicity!
How very much to thee we owe,
Let Mother *Eve* and *Demea* shew:
What endless Blessings flow from thee,
Oh, *Female Curiosity!*



The

The UNFORTUNATE DAMSEL'S RESOLUTION.

An Old SONG, newly written.

Near a Beckside, with Willow fring'd,
The mournful *Dolly* lay;
And thus the Nymph was heard to sing,
Or rather heard to say.

" 'Twas here, on this accursed Spot,
" That *Tummas* of the Mill,
" With Speechings fine first stole my Heart,
" And got his wicked Will.

" A thousand sugar'd Vows he swore,
" His *Dolly* he wou'd wed;
" Ah, *Tummas*, keep those Vows, or give
" Me back my Maiden-head.

" Upon this Willow will I hang,
" In pure Revenge and Spite;
" And if the Wretch dare lie alone,
" I'll haunt him ev'ry Night.

" I'll shake his Curtains—(but in Truth
" His Bed does Curtains lack)
" And plague him, till the Morning Cock
" Obliges me to pack.

" Or thro' the Church-yard shou'd he go
" By Night—my Ghost shall rise,

“ And like a *headless* Horse appear,
 “ With *frightful Saucer Eyes* :—

“ No Fear the perjur'd Man can hire
 “ (Too great will be the Cost)
 “ Our Book-learn'd Priest, in the *Red Sea*,
 “ To lay my troubled Ghost.—

“ Upon this Willow will I hang,
 “ Ev'n here beneath this Tree ;”—
 She said—and slipt her Garters twain
 From just above her Knee.

The fatal Noose poor *Doll* prepares,
 Her Lover springs the Beck ;
 “ Ah, *Tummas*, art thou there,” she cries,
 And hangs—*upon his Neck*.

From this Example learn ye Swains,
 Nor henceforth perjur'd prove,
 For Girls *undone*, are apt you see,
 To hang themselves for Love.



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The FISHERMAN.

A FABLE.

UNknowing and unknown to Fame,
 An honest Clown——*Dorus* his Name,
 With fraudulent Line, and baited Hook,
 Near the Sea Shore his Station took,
 In hopes the Cravings to supply
 Of a large helpless Family:
 But Fortune, who her Favour sheds
 Seldom upon deserving Heads,
 On *Dorus* glanc'd with scornful Spite;
 No Prize——not ev'n a single Bite.
 Tir'd with ill Luck he now despairs,
 And for a hungry Home prepares;
 When to his Joy and great Surprise,
 He feels a Fish of monstrous Size,
 (So flatters smiling Hope)——When, lo——
 Fortune again appears his Foe;
 He drags on Shore, with cautious Pull,——
 A Fish?——Ah no——a Human Skull;
 A ghastly and forbidding Treat,
 Improper Food for him to eat:
 What can he do?——Shall he again
 Commit his Capture to the Main?
 But here Humanity prevails,
 And Piety his Heart affails:

“ Who

" Who knows, cries *Dorus*, with a Sigh,
 (A Heart-sprung Tear in either Eye)
 " But this might once a Portion be,
 " Of a poor Spouse, or Siré like me;
 " On whose Endeavours a large Brood
 " Of Little Ones might hang for Food;
 " Shipwreck'd perhaps in Sight of Land,
 " Or murder'd by some Villain's Hand;
 " My Duty and my Feelings too
 " Strongly evince what I shou'd do;
 " The Kindness which to him I shew,
 " Perhaps to others I may owe."

So said, away the Skull he bears,
 And in the Woods a Grave prepares:
 He digs——his Heart dilates with Pleasure
 To find 'a Heav'n-sent golden Treasure;——
 A Treasure to his utmost Wishes,
 Superior to ten thousand Fishes;
 With which he joyous marches Home,
 The Skull bequeathing in its Room.

Those Hearts that with Humanity distend,
 In Providence are sure to meet a Friend;
 And the same Love we to our Brethren shew,
 Our Heavenly Father will on us bestow.



The CONFESSORS.

With Crest commanding, and Cathedral Look,
Thus to *Alvarez* Father *Gerald* spoke :

“ Regardless of your Soul, whence comes it, Son,
“ Day after Day, that thus you Shriving shun ?
“ Those who with Mother Church run high in Tick,
“ Will find their Prison Hell, their Jailor *Nick* :
“ Learn from your Wife, nor longer go astray,
“ She, pious Soul, thrives almost every Day.”

Alvarez, who oft thought in jealous Mood,
That Madam's Shriving boded him no Good,
Yet durst not to Sir Priest behave uncivil,
For Fear of Inquisition and the Devil,
Thus made Reply :——“ Our virtuous Wives,
Heav'n blest 'em !

“ Have handsome well-fed Fathers to confess 'em ;
“ Had we to thrive Us, Females young and gay,
“ We shou'd at least be as devout as they ;
“ Upon our Knees we oft shou'd fall before 'em,
“ Dissolve in Bliss, and perfectly adore 'em.”

Alvarez judg'd wisely :——Were Nuns made
Confessors,

T'inflict proper Penance on *bearded* Transgressors ;
As Father Confessors to Females are tender,
So Lady Confessors wou'd prove to our Gender ;
Ev'n *Whitfield* and *Wesley* wou'd Converts become,
And all the World own the Religion of *Rome*.

The

The

The SWINE and ERMINE.

A F A B L E.

THou filthy Beast, thou worse than Vermine
 (Thus to a Swine exclaims an Ermine)
 Avaunt—at proper Distance know
 The Diff'rence 'twixt a Clown and Beau :
 A Swine ! There is not in all Nature
 So dirty, underbred a Creature :
 How can Mankind such Neighbours bear ?
 You poison and pollute the Air.

Thou gawdy *Nothing*—with Disdain
 Retorts the Swine, thy Pride refrain ;
 Such Finnikin spruce Things as you
 With just Contempt and Scorn I view :
 Let Man our different Worth decide,
 His Judgment soon shall quell your Pride ;
 We and our numerous tasteful Breed,
 Thousands and thousands daily feed :
 From Putrefaction must arise
 Steams fraught with Death, which otherwise
 By Man imbib'd, with earliest Breath
 Wou'd sweep the Human Race to Death ;
 By us this Putrefaction taken
 As Food, becomes good Pork and Bacon ;
 Concocted thro' our Chymic Veins,
 It yields both wholesome Food and Gains ;

And

And ev'ry Swine may boast, good Sir,
 That he is Nature's Scavenger:
 Ev'n you yourselves, in a great Measure,
 Our Debtors are for Health and Pleasure:
 The holy Priest will take our Part,
 Sir *Hugh* loves Tythe Pig from his Heart;—
 Riches we give and Sustenance,
 While all your boasted Excellence
 Is—with that worthless Skin of thine,
 To make your Brother Coxcombs shine.

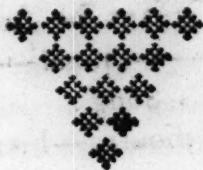
*Judge not of Worth by splendid Shew,
 A Clown's more useful than a Beau.*



ALEX.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT.

X
AS *Alexander*, (all the World subdu'd)
 Amid a Throng of circling Courtiers stood,
 " In Me, he cry'd, Great *Ammon's* Offspring view,
 " To mighty *Jove* my Origin is due;
 " Let favour'd Monarchs swell young *Ammon's*
 Train,
 " My Father's Viceroy, God-like, here I reign;
 " Whate'er I will's the Will of mighty *Jove*;
 " On Earth I rule, as he commands above."
 He spoke:—Adoring Courtiers prostrate lay,
 When a poor *Crow*, whom Chance had brought
 that Way,
 As high in Air, he o'er the Monarch sped,
 Croak'd loud Disdain, and *sh—t* upon his Head.



*A New HYMN by a PREACHER of THE
WORD, in Imitation of the Inimitable Moravian
and Methodistical Hymns.*

THY Faith, O Lord, in Blessings shower,
That Sinners may thy Saints believe;
For were it not for Faith's strong Power,
In faith thy Servants cou'd not live.

Careless of all that *Satan* can,
Armies of Fiends we will not fear,
While General *W*——d leads the Van,
And General *W*——y guards our Rear.

And for these Sinners who dare go
To see a Play,—their Eyes put out;
And at Assemblies, Mercy show,
In giving all who dance—the Gout.

As *Forte* let our Groans be strong,
Our Sighs *Piano*——dismal——sad;
Allegro is the Devil's Song;
True Saints *shou'd* mourn,—Fiends *will* be glad.

Yet may each Brother in the Faith
A Dove-like gentle Sister find,
To sport with him in Love's sweet Path,
And frisk and bound like wanton *Hind*.

Our Lives in Love thus may we spend,
 And love and frisk, and frisk and love;
 And when our Love on Earth we end,
 Grant we may frisk and bound above.

Full well we know that *Sion's* Keys,
 The Keys of *Sion's* Mount are given
 To us—to let in whom we please,
 Thro' the *strait* Turnpike Gate of Heaven:

Where faithful Travellers of Course
 Must pay the Turnpike as they pass;
 A good round Sum for ev'ry Horse,
 But a far rounder for each Ass.



The TWO KINGS.

A F A B L E.

Crossing the River *Styx*, with Shoals
 Of new departed motley Souls,
 Old Skipper *Charon* look'd damn'd black,
 Left with the Load his Boat shou'd crack;
 Tho' Souls, as Souls, are lightsome Freight,
 Their Sins oft prove a deadly Weight,
 And shou'd their floating Carriage fail 'em,
 Not ev'n Cork Jackets wou'd avail 'em:
 His Boat chuck-full,——such screaming rose
 From Nurfses, Misses, Ladies, Beaus,
 That *Charon* rais'd his Voice and swore,
 While Echo answer'd from the Shore,
 “ If they continu'd their damn'd Tricks,
 “ He'd soufe 'em every one in *Styx*,”
 And ask'd 'em with a Phiz most grim,
 If they had ever learnt to swim:——
 In short he soon becalm'd the Riot,
 And made 'em tolerably quiet:
 He trim'd his Boat, and with a Frown,
 Damn'd 'em, and made 'em all sit down.

Order observ'd in some Degree,
 A Ghost of high Pomposity,
 With courtly Air and scornful Look
 Thus to his Brother Shadows spoke:——

F 2

“ Hence,

" Hence, Reptiles; hence—your Distance know—
 " Due, Homage to a Monarch show;
 " Shall one of my illustrious Birth,
 " A King,—a Delty on Earth,
 " Be crowded thus with the *Canaille*,
 " Fellows who stink of Beef and Ale?
 " You, *Charon*, with that dirty Face,
 " Depend on't, you shall lose your Place;
 " My Brother Sovereign *Pluto* soon
 " Shall make you smart for what you've done:
 " Reptiles, avaunt—at Distance tend;
 " Your Touch, Looks, Manners, all offend."

Old *Charon* grumbling in his Maw,
 Damn'd him, and bid him *hold his Jaw*;—
 Whilst One, who living,—from the Stage
 Had often entertain'd the Age,
 With Whim *Cervantic* in his Face,
 First bowing, thus address'd his Grace:—
 " All Hail—Great King, Great Monarch, Hail!
 " Frown not, I'm not of the *Canaille*;
 " In me your Brother *Brentford* view,
 " I've been a King as well as you;
 " Like you have worn a Pageant Crown,
 " And aw'd the Millions with a Frown;
 " Like you too, Brother *Phiz*. resign'd,
 " And left my Pageant Crown behind:—
 " But now—Good Sir, be not offended—
 " The Curtain dropt, the Farce is ended:
 " Tho'

" Tho' Fortune for the Stage equipt us,
 " Our Wardrobe-keeper, Death, has stript us,
 " And the rich Robes on Earth posselt,
 " Lie folded in the Grave at rest :——
 " Maugre the Rank we living bore,
 " Like these we're Shadows now——no more;
 " All, Brothers All——at least in this,
 " We're but *Personæ Dramatis*;
 " Like them we're bound to Critic Hall,
 " By Critic Rules to rise or fall;
 " Where Kings, Lords, Beggars, all must stand;
 " And undistinguish'd hold the Hand,
 " While Critic *Minos* and his Jury
 " ('Tis true, good Brother, I assure ye)
 " Will hiss or clap, just as they find
 " We've play'd the Characters assign'd;
 " Where Birth and Rank pass unregarded,
 " And Merit only is rewarded."

He spoke——the Monarch sighing, swore,
 " He never heard such Truths before."



E P I G R A M.

FOur Hours *Volusius* spent the other Day,
 With three grave learned Fellows of our
 College,
 And when he left 'em, thus was heard to say,
 " Oh, the amazing *Ignorance of Knowledge.*"

E P I G R A M.

Within a Bracelet's Circle *Will* appears,
 Which on her Arm his loving Spousy
 wears ;
Will in Return his *Sophy's* Portrait shews
 Dependant from his Watch where'er he goes ;
 With equal Truth their Passion they impart,
 Both Arm and Fob are *distant* from the *Heart*.

HENRY

HENRY and SOPHY.*

I.

HENRY and Fortune now are Friends,
His many Sorrows all are past;
Fortune to make him full Amends,
Gives to his wishing Arms at last.

II.

The long-lov'd *Sophy*; fairest Maid
That ever caus'd or felt Love's Smart,
In her most richly were display'd
The loveliest Form and truest Heart.

III.

Long had their Friends with Souls severe
Oppos'd the Lovers happy Fate;
But chang'd—with Smiles they now appear,
And with 'em at the Altar wait:

IV.

The Holy Priest pronounc'd aloud
The Gordian Wonder-working Spell;
While *Love* and *Hymen* both avow'd,
“Shrin'd in their Breasts they'd ever dwell.”

“ And

* This and the following are founded on Facts.

V.

“And art thou mine,” the Bridegroom cry’d,
 “With all thy wond’rous Truth and Charms?”
 She smil’d—she wou’d have spoke—she sigh’d—
 And fraight expir’d within his Arms.—

VI.

Too weak to bear Joy’s rushing Flow,
 Her tender Frame resigns her Breath;
 This Moment in Love’s Arms—and now,
 Enfolded in the Arms of Death.

VII.

In vain, in vain you fly for Aid,
 Life shall no more that Form relume;
 The Marriage Bed, ill-fated Maid,
 For thee ordain’d, is a cold Tomb.

VIII.

While Floods of Tears and piteous Moan,
 A genuine Sorrow testify,
 Silent poor *Henry*’s seen alone,
 No Tear bedews poor *Henry*’s Eye.

IX.

Homeward his *Sophy*’s Corpse he tends,
 Frantic his *Sophy* he enfolds;
 That friendly Night his Sorrow ends;
 One Grave the New-wed Lovers holds.

We

X.

We grasp at Joys within our Reach ;
 We grasp, and catch a wat'ry Bow :
 Lessons like these shou'd Mortals teach,
 True Joy exists not here below.



AMINTOR

We

AMINTOR and ANNA.

I.

CURST with a conscious feeling Mind,
 The poor *Amintor* lay,
 Within a cheerless Jail confin'd,
 And sigh'd his Hours away.

II.

To save a Friend of Means bereft,
Amintor enter'd Bail;
 Friends oft prove false——*Amintor's* left
 To languish in a Jail.

III.

Where are those Friends, *Amintor*, where
 Your Summer Days cou'd boast?
 Like Insects now they disappear,
 Kill'd by a wint'ry Frost.

IV.

No Friend, save One, now anxious came
 To heal Misfortune's Wound:
 That Friend, true to his Peace and Fame,
 Was in his *Anna* found.

Hymen

V.

Hymen and *Cupid* wove the Chain,
That link'd her to his Heart;
With her he half forgot his Pain,
Nor felt Affliction's Dart.

VI.

Tho' all the Charms that Beauty knows,
Were in her Form exprest,
Yet faint her outward Charms, to those
That lodg'd within her Breast.

VII.

A thousand nameless Arts she try'd
To sooth his anxious Mind:
" My Dear *Aminor*, oft she cry'd,
" Heav'n will at last prove kind.

VIII.

" Affliction's Cloud once overblown,
" Joy, doubly Joy appears;
" The Morn o'ercast, the Noon-tide Sun
" A stronger Brightness wears.

IX.

" Virtue essay'd still mounts the higher,
" And nobler Worth assumes;
" As Gold, when Dross-rid by the Fire,
" More pure and rich becomes.

" While

X.

" While Innocence and Goodness reign
 " In my *Amintor's* Breast,
 " Our Fate with Courage we'll sustain,
 " And leave to Heav'n the rest."

XI.

Chearful *with* him, she still appears
 The Messenger of Hope;—
 When *from* him,——to her smother'd Tears,
 She gives a boundless Scope.

XII.

The Rose, that erst with blooming Grace
 Had with the Lilly shone,
 By Grief was wither'd:—In her Face
 The Lilly reign'd alone.

XIII.

Soon as the Lark salutes the Day,
 Each Morning *Anna* flies,
 To chase corroding Spleen away,
 And bless *Amintor's* Eyes.

XIV.

A long, long Day—No *Anna's* seen;—
 Her Absence causes Dread;—
 When silent, Grief cuts far more keen,
 She presses a sick Bed.

The

XV.

The News when brought, he raving cries,
 " Oh Wretch accurst!—For Thee,
 " For thee the Faithful *Anna* dies,
 " Her fated End I see.

XVI.

" 'Tis thy accursed Hand that throws
 " The deadly murd'rous Dart,
 " 'Tis Thou art Author of her Woes;
 " Thou, Thou hast broke her Heart.—

XVII.

" Thy *Anna* and thy little Son
 " To thee their Ruin owe;
 " Thy fatal Folly has undone,
 " All that is good below."——

XVIII.

No more, *Aminor*, now complain,
 Thy *Anna*'s amply blest;
 Of Fortune and her glitt'ring Train,
 To utmost Wish posselt:

XIX.

A Kinsman *Carle*, whose gripping Hand,
 When living was unkind,
 Dying, bequeath'd her all his Land,
 Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

XX.

The News to *Anna* Health imparts,
Joy sparkles in her Eyes;
From her forsaken Couch she starts,
“ Thanks! gracious Heav’n!” she cries.

XXI.

“ Is *Anna* then ordain’d to give:
“ *Amintor* Liberty?
“ For his lov’d Sake I wish to live,
“ For him well pleas’d wou’d die.

XXII.

“ For him and my poor Babe—Oh, grant,
“ This Flood of Joy I bear;
“ Kind Heav’n has given me all I want,—
“ Henceforth *I’ll not despair.*”

XXIII.

To Providence the grateful Tear,
Bursts from her up-rais’d Eyes;
Not Hecatombs to Heav’n appear
Such pleasing Sacrifice.

XXIV.

With Transport fir’d, she eager ran,
To make *Amintor* blest;
She saw *Amintor*—ghastly, wan—
In shrowded Garment drest.

XXV.

Frantic that Morn he rav'd——“ I ne'er

“ Shall *Anna* see again ;”

He falls a Prey to black Despair ;

His Heart-strings burst in twain.

XXVI.

The Weakness which from Virtue grows,

Can Justice faulty deem ?——

Such Weakness Virtue only knows,

When *Virtue's* in *Extreme*.

XXVII.

Let callous Bosoms moralize,

And frigid Rules lay down ;

They feel not who are over-wise,

Or dart the *Stoic* Frown.

XXVIII.

Like *Niobe* a while *she* stands,

Then sinks upon the Floor,

She lifts her Eyes——She wrings her Hands,

And never rises more.

XXIX.

One such Example here below,

(In Heav'n let Virtue trust)

Does an hereafter plainly show ;

God cannot be unjust.

AN ENCOMIUM.

I.

MORTAL was never yet so grac'd,
 With partial Blessings from the Skies,
 As *Draco*;—Rich in every Taste
 That Men of real Worth—*Despise*.

II.

A Youth more lovely, more polite,
 More witty, graceful, more refin'd,
 Or one more form'd to give Delight;
 Was never seen—*In his own Mind*.

III.

“*Study thyself*,”---(Thus Sages write)
 “In Wisdom’s Lore if you’d surpass:”
Draco each Morning, Noon, and Night,
 Studies Himself—*Within the Glass*.

IV.

His Learning, his amazing Knowledge,
 Impartial Judges must confess,
 Unequall’d ev’n by Heads of College,
 In that most noble Science—*Dress*.

Some

V.

Some silly Folk who know him not,
 Aver, he's got an empty Skull;
 Can Emptiness then be the Lot
 Of one who—*Of himself's brimful.*

VI.

His Tongue such Torrents does dispense
 Of Words;—we're struck with wild Amaze;
 These Torrents ne'er can give Offence,
 Tho' much he talks—*He Nothing says.*

VII.

To Truth so very warm a Friend,
 Mortal by him was ne'er deceiv'd;
 In this he never can offend,
 For *Draco*—*never was believ'd.*

VIII.

His Courage in the open Field,
 Was never doubted Day or Night;
 Nor was he ever known to yield,
 For 'tis well known—*He dares not fight.*

IX.

Whene'er the lovely Swain draws near,
 The Ladies all around him flock;
 At Sight of him they glad appear,
 For he's their favourite—*Laughing Stock.*

X.

So very amorous the Youth,
Still making Love, still ogling, sighing,
Observe him, and you'd swear, in sooth,
He cannot live—*unless he's dying.*

XI.

But should a Fair One equal die,
And Face to Face our Youth assail;
Gods! with what Eagerness he'd fly—
Backwards,—*like Cur with shrunk-in Tail.*

XII.

Proceed, dear Youth—Dear Youth, proceed,
To other Youths Example show;
And let 'em in your Actions read,
Not what they *shou'd*, but *shou'd not* do.



ST CATHERINE.

A FABLE.

A Reverend Monk and honest Clown
 Journey'd towards a Market Town;
 The Time beguiling as they walk,
 Like other Trav'lers, in small Talk;
 'Till Chance directed to a Road
 Where good St Catherine's Image stood;—
 The pious Monk Obeisance made,
 Th' unheeding Clown nor bow'd or pray'd,
 But onward pass'd :----Struck with Surprise,
 "What are you blind?" the Father cries;
 "Behold where good St Catherine stands;
 "The Saint your Reverence demands:
 "Quick on your Knees. Atonement make,
 "Left Heav'n's high Wrath in Thunder break
 "O'er your devoted Head:"—The Clown
 Regardless of the Father's Frown,
 Laughing reply'd;—"What there you view,
 "Within my Orchard lately grew;
 "And that fine Form which now it shews,
 "To *Mudge* the Carpenter it owes.
 "Shall I in Reverence bend the Knee,
 "To an old Stunt Crab-Apple Tree?
 "If that grim Lady is a Saint,
 "(That Piece of Wood bedaub'd with Paint).
 "My

“ My Orchard must be *Holy Ground*,
“ Where holy Apple Trees abound.”

“ A Tree I own it *was*;—or rather
“ A downright Log,” replies the Father;
“ ’Till Church by holy Ordination,
“ (A Kind of Transubstantiation)
“ Has giv’n the Log a new Creation.
“ A Saint ’tis *now* in every Sense,
“ Therefore atone for your Offence;
“ Beg good St *Catherine’s* Intercession,
“ To cleanse you from your foul Transgression;
“ Or *Satan* with his Brimstone Pickle,
“ Your carbonaded Hide will tickle.”---

The frightened Peasant knelt and pray’d,
Then rising—shrugg’d—and sighing said;
“ That she’s a Saint I’ll not dispute;
“ The Church commands—and I am mute;—
“ And yet—Shall I my Weakness own?
“ To me she seems a *Wooden* one;
“ Ev’n at the Instant I adore,
“ I can’t help thinking of the *Crabs* she bore.”

How many titled *Things* we find,
Set up as Idols for Mankind!
Who, when their Worth intrinsic’s understood,
Are meer St CATHERINE’S—*gilded Sticks of Wood.*

The

London

The PUPPET-SHOW.

A T A L E.*

AT *Skipton* Wake, where once a Year,
 With Sports and Pastime and good Cheer,
 The Lads and Lasses blythe regale,
 And feast on Cheese-cakes, Tarts, and Ale;
 (Wakes! the old Midwife's constant Friend,
 Where frolic Love and Joys attend;
 Where mad-cap Pranks Dame Nature shews,
 And Maidens their Green Sickness lose)
Roger to shew his Taste polite,
 Mun visit *Punch* forsooth one Night:
 Here, undisturbed by Critic Rules,
 And hemm'd by Drones of neighbour Fools,
 The Music, coarse-daub'd Scenes and Light,
 Cheaply afford our *Hodge* Delight:
 At *Punch*'s Smut, which he thought Wit,
 His cudden Sides were like to split;
 And at each Joke, his Lanthorn Jaws
 Extended wide, roar loud Applause;
 Or when Distress awkward appears,
Roger cou'd scarce refrain from Tears;
 The Gothic Story with our Clown,
 As Gospel Truth goes glibly down:—

Not

* This made its Appearance some Years ago in the *London Magazine*.

Not *Quixotte's* self was more deceiv'd,
 When *Melifandra's* Fate he griev'd;
 And of the squeeking pigmy Crew,
 His vengeful Sword whole Squadrons slew:----
 The Curtain dropt, the Drama ended,
 The motley Audience homeward tended,
 Clowns, Nurfes, Children, all well pleas'd,
 And of their long-ftor'd Farthings eas'd;
 While fome more curious than the reft,
 Behind the Curtain rudely preft.—
 On feeing this, our *Roger* too,
 To ease his Longings needs muft go:
 With Fear and Diffidence he enters,
 And fcarce to look about him ventures:
 Here dangling on a Pin were feen,
 A purpled King, or tinfel'd Queen;
 Here *Punch* with fceptred Princes tumbled,
 Here Priests with *Beelzebub* lay jumbled;
 Here fidelong hanging by a Wire,
 A chop-fallen Heroe, Prince, or 'Squire.
 With fuch mock Grandeur thus furrounded,
 Poor *Hodge*, alas! was quite confounded:—
 Twirling his Hat, he scrapes and bows,
 And his Extent of Breeding fhews;—
 The reft, at *Hodge's* droll Miftake,
 Laugh 'till their Sides and Midriiffs ake:
 "Sure, never yet was feen," cries one,
 "Such a befotted Simpleton;

" Were

" Were you not blind, you might behold
 " 'Tis Tinsel this you take for Gold;
 " And what you fancy Flesh and Blood,
 " Is nought, d'ye see, but Rags and Wood,
 " That cannot speak, look, move, or stand,
 " But owes all to the Artift's Hand,
 " Who fix'd on high, lordly presides,
 " And with a Wire each Action guides."
 Roger on this seem'd quite amaz'd,
 He gap'd, he scratch'd his Head, he gaz'd,
 While Gybes from every Side accost him,
 And laughing Boobies coarsely roast him;
 Each judging of his own great Wit,
 By Neighbour *Hodge's* Want of it.
 " Nay, haw'd ye, haw'd ye, where's the Wonder
 " That I," quo' *Hodge*, " should make this
 Blunder?
 " Since, as a Many do report,
 " In *London*—nay some say, at Court,—
 " There's nought more common than to see
 " The Beaver doff'd, and bended Knee,
 " To strutting, wooden-headed Beaus,
 " With empty Fobbs, and tinsel'd Cloaths;
 " Who, Puppet-like, ne'er speak or move,
 " But as they're wire-led from above;
 " And like these Folk aside are thrown,
 " As useless Logs—the *Work* once done."

A R E-

Were

A REFLECTION.

THOU Cherub with a smiling Face,
 Religion! Child of heav'nly Grace,
 What Demons, wrapt in horrid Gloom,
 Thy Name blasphemously assume!

Thro' jaundic'd Eyes Enthusiasts see
 The Image of the Deity;
 A Portrait false, held up to View
 By a designing impious Crew:
 But no *Tartuffe* or strolling Widgeon
 Shall be my Cat'rer in Religion;
 What Reason dictates, that I'll chuse,
 What she forbids, I'll still refuse;
 Shake off the Prejudice of Youth,
 And steer by Reason's Chart for Truth.

In spite of *Whitefield* and of *Rome*,
 I'll laugh at Superstition's Gloom;
 For Modes of Faith will ne'er dispute,
 Nor damn a Man for his Surtout;
 Deist or Atheist let 'em call me,
 And with Cathedral Pellets mawl me,
 Threaten with Brimstone, Fire and Hell,
 My Cry is—*Vive la Bagatelle*.

Our heav'nly Father never fram'd
 Children elected to be damn'd;

Wou'd

Wou'd *Earthly* Parent thus decree?
 Can God?---the Thought were Blasphemy;
 But Knaves and Fools paint the Almighty
 A *Mumbo Jumbo*, to affright ye.

When Nerves relax'd are weather-shaken,
 Spleen for Religion's oft mistaken;
 And then 'tis heav'nly to be sad,
 And look most melancholy mad;
 Then comes *Despair* with *Stygian* Frown,
 Impelling Fools to hang or drown:
 But *true* Religion soothes the Breast,
 And makes her willing Vot'ries blest;
 Conducts 'em with a smiling Air,
 And banishes the Fiend *Despair*.

Our Duty to our God we pay,
 In being innocently gay;
 That Kindness shewing still to others,
 From Brother ever due to Brothers;—
 (Grant Heaven I never may forget
 From Man to Man that social Debt)
 And not to one poor Spot confine
 Good-will, which like the Sun should shine
 On all alike;—nor Diff'rence shew
 'Twixt Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew;
 For this I hold Religion's Test,
 "Who most resembles God, worships God best."

H

To

To *Sublunary* Kings Abodes,
 How many hundred diff'rent Roads!
 And shall we (partial) judge, but one
 Must *Worlds* conduct to *Heav'n's* high Throne?

With sweet Benevolence our Guide,
 On future Bliss we may confide;
 May, unabsolv'd, attend our Fate,
 And Death's grand Summons smiling wait;
 On *Heav'n's* just Mercy fix Reliance,
 And set Old *Nick* at bold Defiance.

The Synagogue you plain might trace,
 Fortune with smiles deceitful bore,
 To a curt Hole, but late kind o'er,
 Down plunges the Jew, and sinking found,
 I no, deep the Hole, the distant Ground;
 Rising, the friendly Ice he caught,
 Which kept him from falling Drought;
 He grasp'd—he yells—dear City,
 No friendly Hand, alas, was nigh,
 Gave a poor Monk, who quickly ran
 To snatch from Death the drowning Man.
 But when the holy Father saw,
 A limb of the Meiser Law,
 His Hand outstretch'd he quick withdrew,
 "For *Heav'n's* sake help,"—exclaims the Jew;
 "Turn Christian first," the Father cries,
 "I'm free to Death"—the Jew replies;
 "Prose!"

The

The MONK and JEW.

A TALE.

TO make new Converts truly blest,
A Recipe—*Probatum est.*

Stern *Winter*, clad in Frost and Snow,
Had now forbid the Streams to flow,
And skaited Peasants swiftly glide,
Like Swallows, o'er the slippery Tide;
When *Mordecai* (upon whose Face
The Synagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune with Smiles deceitful bore,
To a curst Hole, but late skinn'd o'er,
Down plumps the Jew, and sinking found,
Tho' deep the Hole, the distant Ground;
Rising, the friendly Ice he caught,
Which kept him from the chilling Draught;
He gasp'd—he yell'd a hideous Cry,
No friendly Hand, alas, was nigh,
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran
To snatch from Death the drowning Man.
But when the holy Father saw,
A Limb of the *Mosaic* Law,
His Hand outstretch'd he quick withdrew,
“*For Heav'n's sake help*”—exclaims the Jew;
“Turn Christian first,” the Father cries,
“*I'm froze to Death*”—the Jew replies;

" Froze ! quo' the Monk—too soon you'll know,
 " There's Fire enough for *Jews* below :
 " Renounce your unbelieving Crew,
 " And Help is near"—" *I do—I do :*"
 " Damn all your Brethren Great and Small"
 " *With all my Heart,—Oh, damn 'em all :*
 " *Now help me out*"—" There's something more,
 " Kiss this blest Cross, and Christ adore ;"
 " *There, there—I Christ adore.*"—" 'Tis well,
 " Thus arm'd, Defiance bid to Hell ;
 " And yet—another Thing remains
 " To guard against eternal Pains ;
 " Do you our Papal Father hold
 " Heav'n's Vicar ?—And believe all told
 " By holy Church ?"—" *I do, by G—d,*
 " *One Moment more I'm Food for Cod ;—*
 " *Drag, drag me out,—I freeze,—I die,*"
 " Your Peace, my Friend is made on High ;
 " Full Absolution here I give ;
 " Saint *Peter* will your Soul receive :—
 " Wash'd clean from Sin, and duly thriven,
 " New Converts always go to Heaven ;
 " No Hour for Death so fit as this ;
 " Thus—thus—I launch you into Bliss !"

So said—The Father in a Trice
 His Convert launch'd beneath the Ice.

AGNES

AGNES' FAST.

A S O N G.

I.

THIS *Agnes'* Fast: The Village Swains
 And *wishing* Nymphs with Care
 To see the Semblance of their Mates,
 To drear Church-yards repair.

II.

The whistling Wind and sleety Rain
 Make terrible the Night;
 And Darkness with her Negroe Face,
 Ev'n *Parsons* might affright.

III.

Spectres and *Cacodemons* now
 Rove at full Liberty;
 For holy *Agnes'* Eve and Fast,
 Is Spectres' Jubilee.

IV.

The Bell strikes Twelve, the Night Owl screams,
 The sheeted Ghosts arise,
 While *Susan*—(Wond'rous Force of Love!)
 Straight to the Church-yard hies.

VARDINE.

Her Heart young *Roger* long posselt;
 She fear'd her Mind to break:
 For *Sue* young *Roger* long had sigh'd,
 Yet fear'd his Love to speak.

VI.

Hemp-seed I sow, Hemp-seed I reap;
 'Tis *Agnes'* just Decree,
 That when in Church-yard thus I speak,
 "My own True Love I see."

VII.

Her Incantation scarcely done,
Roger appears in View;
 The self-same Errand *Roger* brought,
 That brought his love-lorn *Sue*.

VIII.

She screams, he starts, but flies with Speed,
 To clasp her to his Breast;
 And nine Months hence, a little *Hodge*,
 Poor *Sue* betrays the rest.



The BEAR and GARDINER.

A FABLE.

IN the Days of Old *Pilpay* there flourish'd a
Bear, IV

Good-natur'd and gentle, and quite debonnair;
Tho' shaggy his Form, yet his Soul was polite,
And to live among Men was Sir *Bruin's* Delight.
(In those Days, like Men, Bears cou'd reason and
talk;

At present, like Bears, Men can growl, dance
or walk :)

This Bear had a Heart which to Friendship
inclin'd,

And in *Adam* he found a warm Friend to his Mind,
Orestes and *Pylades* were not more kind :—

A Gard'ner was *Adam*, extremely well known,
For his Friendship with *Bruin* in Country and
Town;

Whenever Friend *Adam* you saw, you might swear
His four-legged Brother wou'd shortly appear;
Or if good Sir *Bruin* you any Time spy'd,
The Gardiner was always observ'd by his Side;
They fed at one Table,—nay further, 'tis said,
(Tho' I can't think that true) they both lay in
one Bed :

With

With Labour o'ercome——In the Shade as one
Day

Poor *Adam* a snoring most happily lay,
Friend *Bruin* sat squat on his Bum to attend him,
Lest during his Sleep Man or Beast shou'd offend
him :

Our Centinel had not long watch'd, when in
Scorn,

A monst'rous huge Flesh-Fly came sounding his
Horn ;

In Circles he wing'd round poor *Adam* his Flight,
And lur'd by sweet Vapours, he fain wou'd
alight ;

On *Adam*'s moist Forehead he settled,——and
then——

When beat off——he flew——to his Forehead
again ;

He buzz'd so, and teaz'd so, and still was so
loud,

That *Bruin* in Vengeance Destruction avow'd ;

And cunningly watching, he saw him alight,

To feast on the Lips of his Friend as in Spite :

“ Oh, ho, quo' Friend *Bruin*, I have you, my
Dear,

“ You soundly shall pay, by the Lord, for
your Cheer ;”

And sending, full Drive, a large Stone at the Foe,
He crush'd him at once with a Death-dealing
Blow ;

And

And the very next Minute he saw the Fly dead,
He saw all poor *Adam's* Teeth drop from his Head.

*Admit it as a certain Rule;
Friendship is dang'rous from a Fool.*



LIBER

LIBERTY: ADDRESS to her BRITONS, in

Behalf of the CORSIANS, 1768.

WITH throbbing Bosom and Woe-speaking
Eye,

On *Albion's* Sea-beat Shore, poor *Liberty*,
Her Spear thrown careless by her, lay reclin'd,
And gave her Sorrows to the passing Wind,—

“ Can *Britain's* Sons with lukewarm Souls
survey,

“ Th' insidious *Gaul* thus spread his Tyrant
Sway?—

“ Can they, unmov'd, the *Corsicans* behold

“ To Tyrant *Gaul* like Beasts for Burden sold;

“ Those Heroes who so gloriously have stood,

“ And in my Cause long shed their richest Blood?

“ Shall *Bourbon's* haughty Race attempt to bind

“ In Slav'ry's galling Fetters, all Mankind?—

“ And shall not my brave Sons like Brethren join

“ To save a World, and blast the fell Design?

“ Rouse, rouse, ye *Britons*, see your Cross display'd,

“ And to my Favourites wing fraternal Aid;

“ Already have they long sustain'd the Fight,

“ And Myriad Foes repeated put to Flight,

“ But, ah! in vain—Fresh Myriads onward pour;

“ If unsupported, Freedom is no more.

Butcher'd

" Butcher'd by these base Sons of Tyranny,
 " Who, Slaves themselves, detest whoc'er are
 free :—

" In vain the Lion dares the Fight maintain,
 " While Myriad Foes beset the hostile Plain.

" Wou'd Britons but unsheath their conqu'ring
 Sword,

" And friendly Aid in Freedom's Cause afford,
 " The Gallic Legions soon wou'd fly the Field,
 " And to your dreaded well known Valour yield :
 " Rouse, rouse, my Sons :—But ah, I fear,
 (she said)

" The Love of Freedom from your Souls is fled :
 " The Fiend, bewitching Luxury—The Son
 " Of Slavery, whose Magic Spells forerun
 " His Parent's Steps, his Opiate Influence sheds,
 " Unnerves your Hearts, and your weak Coun-
 sels leads;

" His soft'ning Poison but prepares the Doom,
 " That bury'd in the Dust my darling Rome.

" Oh, shou'd that fatal Hour, which now I fear,
 " (Avert it Jove Omnipotent) appear ;
 " When Tyranny shall range with Giant Stride,
 " And Barefoot Superstition by her Side ;
 " When Smithfield Fires again shall horrid blaze,
 " Those dire Remembrancers of Mary's Days ;
 " When my Fair Offspring Commerce shall depart,
 " From her lov'd Britain with a heavy Heart ;
 " Shou'd

“ Shou’d I again that fatal Moment view,
 “ To this unhappy Globe I’ll bid *adieu*.

“ Like that brave *Greek*,* whose ever envied
 Name,

“ Richly adorns the brightest Page of Fame ;
 “ Who at *Thermopylae* resign’d his Breath,
 “ With Hecatombs of Slaves to grace his Death;
 “ Like him my brave *Paoli* dare arise,
 “ And offer up himself a Sacrifice ;
 “ Like him, and the few chosen *Greeks* who fell,
 “ My self-devoted Sons their Blood shall sell,
 “ And shew the World that Freedom they will
 have,
 “ Ev’n tho’ the Road lies thro’ the dreary
 Grave.” —

So said, she wing’d her Flight, and disappear’d,
 And as she flew, these Words distinct were heard;

“ Consider, partial and mistaken Men ;
 “ Consider——In the *Cyclops* horrid Den,
 “ The chosen Few (a favourite Repast)
 “ Were but preserv’d, to be devour’d the last.”

* *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*.





The TRANSFORMATION.

A NORTHERN TALE.*

NEAR to where Tyne his Blessings sheds,
 Enriching, as he flows, the Meads,
 There liv'd a Monk in Days of Yore,
 (Northumbria's Crown when Cenulph wore)
 Of Life severe, and spotless Fame,
 Good Father Roger was his Name;
 This holy Monk, much giv'n to Pray'r,
 Was greatly follow'd by the Fair,
 Who still on every slight Transgression,
 To Roger flew to make Confession;
 Ladies in ev'ry Age we find,
 To holy Men are much inclin'd:—

I

A

* An abusive Poem, called the *Origin of the Newcastle Burr*, publish'd a few Years since, induced the Author to give the following to the World: The Story is taken from an old Record found in a Religious House, on its Dissolution in the Reign of Henry VIII. and is now in the Possession of an eminent Antiquarian not far from Newcastle.

A truer Saint *Hibernia's* Shore,
 To grace her Annals, never bore;
 (*Hibernia!* fam'd beyond the Nile,
 Of Holy Saints the holy Isle,
 Nor does her present pious Race
 Its Holy Ancestry disgrace)
 Of Form athletic, yet as mild,
 And harmless as a new-born Child:
 The good Man, somehow, had the Art,
 To ease each female tender Heart;
 Whate'er his Penance, still content,
 They, all Submission, underwent.

The lovely *Emma*, fairest seen,
 'Mong Maids of Honor to the Queen,
 Seem'd chief in his good Graces blest,
Emma each Day her Sins confest;
 "Each Day?" Yes, Sir, each Day;---the Fair
 For a long Reck'ning did not care;
 She thought it still the safest Way,
 As she went on, her Debts to pay;
 She chose not, like your heedless Folk,
 To get o'er deep in Satan's Book,
 Lest the black Bill should grow too large,
 For a poor Maiden to discharge,
 And bring *Old Nick*, spite of her Honor,
 To lay arresting Hands upon her:---
 Your *Maids of Honor* in those Days
 (So Legends tell us) had strange Ways;
 They

They put on queer religious Airs,
 Frequented Church, and said their Pray'rs;
 At least old Writers thus record,
 I own I scarce can take their Word,
 Considering how politer far,
 Our modern *Maids of Honor* are;
 But *Satan*, that ill-natur'd Sprite,
 Who owes your godly Folks a Spite,
 Had manag'd Matters so, that *Emma*
 Was brought into a strange Dilemma;
 The Monk's Instructions, (strange to tell)
 Began to make the *Maiden* swell;
 Her Health was turn'd quite turvey-topsey,
 She seem'd far gone in Nature's Dropsy.

'Tis a known Axiom in the Schools,
 That Love's the Paradise of Fools;
 A Paradise, in which is plac'd
 A Tree, bewitching to the Taste,
 (The *Tree of Knowledge*) which produces
 A Fruit replete with poisonous Juices;
 This tempts poor Maidens to their cost;
 They pluck---and---*Paradise is Lost*;
 No longer Happiness dwells there,
 'Tis all Repentance---all Despair.

Your sage *Platonists* are inclin'd
 To think Love centers in the Mind;

But Love a different Story tells,
To Saints, to Sinners, Beaus and Belles.

Poor *Emma's* tell-tale Looks betray,
That *Emma's* form'd of yielding Clay;
The Queen enrag'd, insists on knowing
To what this strange Misfortune's owing;
Whilst *Emma*, almost drown'd in Tears,
With penitential Looks declares,
(The more to fix her Resolution,
Roger had promis'd Absolution,
Which made her gulph the Lie as free
As tho' it were a Dish of Tea)
" That Father *Bede*, who long had strove
" By thousand Arts to win her Love,
" As on her Couch one Day she slept,
" Stole in, and --- here, poor Soul! she wept,
Nor more could speak! --- Each *Maid of Honor*
Disdainfully look'd down upon her;
For virtuous Dames in this agree,
No Crime's like Loss of Chastity;
That gone, like a struck Deer they fly her,
And think it dang'rous to come nigh her;
One would imagine they were taught,
That Whoring, like the Itch, was caught.

" But who's this *Bede*," the Reader cries,
" The Butt of these same horrid Lies?"
A *Secular*; and one of those
Whom Monks avow'd Religion's Foes;

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And who, tho' hitherto unwed,
 Stranger to Joys of Marriage Bed,
 Yet held it neither Sin nor Shame
 For Priests to take a wedded Dame;
 While Monks, for Self-Denial fam'd;
 Against such sensual Crimes exclaim'd;
 With holy Candle, Bobk, and Bell,
 Damning all married Priests to Hell;
 Priests, who the Papal Power deny'd too,
 For which *Old Nick* wou'd thrash their Hide too.*

No Wonder Monks shou'd think it good
 To shed so vile a Sinner's Blood;
 If just the End which is desir'd,
 No Matter by what Means acquir'd.

Altho' the Monks to *Satan* gave him,
 And swore not all the Saints cou'd save him,
 Yet with the Body of the Nation,
Bede stood aloft in Reputation;
 He taught the Natives to explore
 The Sea for Fish, the Land for Ore;
 'Twas he who first the Secret found
 Of digging Fewel from the Ground.
 Hence Riches, Trade, and many a Blessing
 Their Children's Children now possessing;

I 3

He

* It was not 'till some Centuries after, that the Pope's
 Authority was established in *England*, and Celibacy in general
 enjoin'd the Clergy.

He taught them with a magic Net
 The luscious Salmon to beset,
 With many other useful Arts,
 Which justly won the People's Hearts.

But all his Merit was forgot,
 And hid by this unlucky Blot;
 A *Maid of Honor* to deflower!
 'Twas an Affront to Sov'reign Power;
 And *Maids of Honor* ne'er could be
 Secure, if *Bede* thou'd go Scot-free:
 The Queen declar'd, "She did not know
 "How far his Impudence might go;
 "And that she thought 'twas monstrous hard
 "To take a Lady off her Guard:
 "Had she herself been sleeping caught,
 "(She trembles at the very Thought)
 "Ev'n Majesty she was not sure
 "In such a Case wou'd be secure."
 Thus prejudic'd, to the good King
 She so describ'd this *Nasty* Thing,
 That in his Justice he decreed,
 The Culprit for his Crimes shou'd bleed:
 "What, die?"---as bad---may Heav'n forefend,
 And guard us all from the like *End*;
 The blushing Muse cannot for Shame,
 In Words *direct* the Thing proclaim;
 It was, in fine, the Punishment
Heloise's Lover underwent.

Such

Such was the Monarch's Resolution,
 The Time too fix'd for Execution,
 The Storm was loud, the Waves ran high,
 The Charge direct——vain all Reply.

Of Honor's Gem altho' bereft,
Emma had still some Goodness left;
 'Tis true Logicians often paint
 Each Woman as a Fiend or Saint;
 Whereas a Man is a mix'd Creature,
 They say,—of het'rogeneous Nature:
 But all these Cobweb airy Fancies
 Are little better than Romances;
 For Woman, like meer Man, is still
 Neither completely good or ill;
 A Hodge-podge, Olio, a Podrade,
 Of many various Compounds made;
 A Mixture form'd of cold and hot,
 Of sweet and sour---in short---what not;—
 Some strong Ingredient, 'tis confest,
 Still to the Palate gives the Zest;
 Yet not so pow'rful, but we find
 Other Ingredients are combin'd.

There is not in all Nature's Plan
 So strange a Paradox as Man;
 Man with himself eternal jars,
 And wages barb'rous civil Wars:—

Now

Now Reason---Passion now presides,
 Whilst different Limbs take different Sides;
 Against the Monarch Head, we find
 Beneath the Girdle what's confin'd,
 In bold Rebellion often rises,
 And the wise Sov'reign's Pow'r despises;
 And *Amphisbæna*-like, 'tis said,
 We've then at either End an Head:*
 When that's the Case, we seldom know
 To which Head we should Homage show;
 And therefore follow that of Course,
 Which pulls us with the greater Force.
 Poor *Emma*, when she first was Sinner,
 Had *Amphisbæna* struggling in her.

"What's all this Preachment for?---Go on.
 "And tell your Tale;"---Good Sir, I've done.

Nor Vice nor Virtue, 'tis most plain
 In *Emma* bore despotic Reign;
 At first she put on a good Face,
 And told her Tale with artful Grace;
 But Conscience soon---unmanner'd Guest!
 Kick'd up a Dust within her Breast,
 And fill'd both waking Thoughts and Dreams
 With Brimstone, Hell, and burning Flames;

With
 * *Amphisbæna* is a Serpent, said to have a Head at each End.

With forked Prongs, by horned Fiends
 Apply'd to Sinner's hinder Ends;
 (A frightful Case!--No Lady sure
 Such Application could endure)
 And all that horrid Apparatus
 With which some say, the Devil treats us,
 When we to visit him think fit,
 And take up Lodgings in his Pit.

No Wonder then that Dreams like these
 Shou'd pull down Madam on her Knees,
 To count her Beads in woeful Plight,
 And cross herself from Morn to Night:---
 In one of these despairing Strains,
 When Fear quite oversets the Brains;
 At Midnight Hour, when Fiends prepare
 To take a *Fresco* in our Air,
 As on her Marrow-bones she preßt,
 Weeping and beating her white Breast,
 A Crow long tam'd, whose gutt'ral Tone
 Had oft diverted *Will* and *John*,
 By Chance or Providence convey'd,
 Had to our Madam's Chamber stray'd,
 Where snug as Thief under the Bed,
 The Bird conceal'd its Negro Head;
 And at the Juncture when the Dame
 (Her Thoughts brimful of Fire and Flame)
 Address'd her Patron Saint of Wood,
 Out pops the Crow, and croaking stood;

“ Have

" Have Mercy, Heav'n---What's this I view,
 " 'Tis *Satan's* self---'tis *Satan's* Hue!----
 " Guard me from Pitchforks and from Hell:"
 Croak, quo' the Crow----the scream'd---the fell:
 The Servants fly, and on the Ground,
 Speechless the frighted Fair was found;
 Reviv'd, she raves---" Protect and save me,
 " Let not yon ugly *Satan* have me;
 " His saucer Eyes and frightful Tone"---
 Another Croak---and down she's gone.
 The Servants see the droll Mistake,
 And quick to Life their Lady wake:
 She straightway calls out for a Priest,
 To whom her Sins are soon confess:
 On *Roger's* Wiles she throws the Blame
 Of all her Crimes---and all her Shame;
 And hopes it is not yet too late
 To hinder *Bede's* unhappy Fate.

The Queen of this great Change inform'd,
 Against the Monk now loudly storm'd:
 The King in Justice too decreed,
 That *Bede* shou'd instantly be freed;
 And that the Compliment design'd
 For *Him*, to *Roger* be assign'd.---

No sooner order'd than 'twas done,
 And---whip---his Sanctity is gone;

For

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For after being *Abelarded*,
 And from the Court with Shame discarded,
 His Crime appear'd so very black,
 Each Female Friend now turn'd her Back;
 For from a Confessor disaffected,
 No Comfort sure can be expected.

When Birds fly, or when Vessels sail,
 They're always guided from the Tail,
 And Casuists say, this is the Case
 In gen'ral, with the human Race:
 The Rudder lost, what follows then?---
 Ruin to Ships, to Birds, and Men.

And now, no longer Fortune's Sport,
 In Triumph *Bede* was brought to Court,
 Where having humbly on his Knee
 Due Homage paid to Majesty,
 He then, in Gratitude as bound,
 To Heav'n fell prostrate on the Ground,
 That graciously had heard his Pray'rs,
 And rescu'd him from monkish Snares;
 Nor was his croaking Friend forgot,
 A leading Actor in the Plot,
 Who, at her Majesty's Request,
 Shew'd its fine Shapes among the rest:
 "May Heav'n's best Benison," he cries,
 (With Tears of Raptures in his Eyes)

"For

" For ever and for ever fall
 " On King, Queen, *Emma*,—Crow—and all."

So said; when Wonderful——but hold,
 'Twere necessary you were told,
 That in the Records of that Age,
 Miracles crowd in ev'ry Page;
 Tho' now-a-days, I know not why,
 Nor Miracles or Saints we spy;——
 In short—a Miracle uncommon—
 Up starts the Crow—a lovely Woman;
 Young, blooming, handsome, debonnair,
 And what's still stranger, wond'rous *Fair*.
 To please *Pygmalion*, as 'tis said,
 A Marble melted to a Maid;
 And surely, if a Heathen cou'd
 Inspire a Stone with Flesh and Blood,
 We need shew little Admiration,
 At Madam *Croaker's* Transformation.

With Wonder struck, while all around
 In Silence gaz'd, a Voice profound,
 Melodious as a Seraph Sound,
 Was heard:——

" Accept, O *Bede*, the Gift Heav'n sends,
 " The best of Wives, and best of Friends;
 " Of ev'ry female Charm possest,
 " With ev'ry social Virtue blest:
 " Nor yet despise her for her Birth,
 " What are ye all but Sons of Earth?

" That

" That Origin cannot be mean,
 " Where Heav'n's *immediate* Hand is seen;
 " And that the Miracle here shown,
 " To future Times be handed down,
 " A lasting Monument of Favor,
 " Your Offspring to distinguish ever,
 " A *Spice* of Mother's *gutt'ral* Tone,
 " To Time's remotest Ages known
 " By Name of BURR---shall mark their Tongue,
 " And proudly trumpet whence they sprung;
 " A rough, bold Accent, free from Art,
 " True *Emblem* of an *honest* Heart,
 " A Mark by which Mankind shall trace
 " Your num'rous, warlike, envied Race;
 " Whose Deeds, not Words, their Fame shall
 " spread,
 " And Britain's Foes their Valour dread."

The Priest with Rapture Heav'n obey'd,
 And wed the lovely, new-form'd Maid;
 The Monarch too, gen'rous and kind,
 To *Bede* and to his Heirs consign'd
 That fertile Track which *Tyne* surveys,
 As his broad Stream he proud displays;
 Where Riches flow with every Tide,
 And Trade and Liberty preside:—
 Here first he plann'd that kind Retreat,
 (At present Industry's lov'd Seat)
 Yclep'd *Newcastle*;---where the Priest
 To an old Age liv'd highly blest

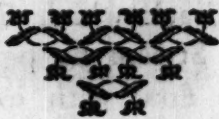
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With

With his *Fair Spouse*:---And 'tis agreed
 She brought the Parson such a Breed
 (Parsons, we know, are in their Natures
 Beyond most Men, prolific Creatures)
 Of little *Bedes*,---that all around
 The Parson's Prowess did resound.

'Tis thought this same prolific Power
 Remains among them to this Hour;
 A num'rous Race; who still inherit
 Their Mother's BURR, and Father's *Merit*;
 And which distinguishes the Breed
 Of Mother CROW and Father BEDE.*

* The *Bede* mentioned in the above is not the same
 with the Venerable *Bede*, who liv'd rather earlier than the
 Hero of our Tale.



On hearing that Mrs. M---, of the Y---
Theatre, was dead.

TO shew th' admiring World what Pow'r
divine,
When Music, Beauty, Feeling, all combine,
Cecilia from the Star-pay'd Realms above,
In M---'s Form inspir'd Mankind with Love;
Alas! her Stay how short! Th' angelic Choir,
Ardent, Cecilia's wish'd Return desire:
The Saint the heav'nly Mandate fraught obeys,
And, smiling, Heav'n regain'd, to sing Jehovah's
Praise.

On hearing the above contradicted.

IN Mercy to Mankind, relenting Heav'n
Cecilia to our Pray'rs has longer giv'n;
Death aim'd the Stroke, but quickly dropt the
Dart,
And Pity, for the first Time, touch'd his Heart.

From a young SAILOR to the same LADY.

WOU'D smiling Love propitious trim
my Sails,

And Fortune bless me with her favourite Gales,

No greater Bliss cou'd my small Bark betide,

Than safe from Storms in *Pleasant* **W** to ride.

While Crowds below admire the Glare,

Cries one of these Night Birds, with Pride,

(The other shouting by his side)

WIT and RICHES.

Let to ourselves, Brother, we might

THE Man who Store of *Wealth* can boast,

In *Wit* will ever rule the Roast;

His Claim who dares dispute?

Like Cornet shine in yonder Sphere,

And *Plutus* can purchase *Wit*, 'tis true;

But *Phœbus* purchase *Riches* too!

Truth blushes, and is mute.

Genius and Worth like ours confound,

One struggle, spined, might free,

And give us both our Liberty.

Uncurb'd we fight in might love,

And laugh at Storms from above.

Hold, not to fall, replies the other,

Think, think a little, my good Brother,

To these Restraints you so despise,

How the very Power to rise

The

The TWO PAPER KITES.

A F A B L E.

(Addressed to a young Gentleman at School.)

TWO Paper Kites, ballanc'd on high,
 With flaming Lanthorns grac'd the Sky,
 While Crowds below admire the Glare,
 And think each Light a blazing Star:
 Cries one of these Night Birds, with Pride,
 (The other flutt'ring by his Side).

"Left to ourselves, Brother, we might
 "Above these Regions wing our Flight,
 "Spurn these poor Earth-encircling Skies,
 "And to the Lunar World uprise;
 "Like Comets shine in yonder Sphere,
 "And see—what Folks were doing there;
 "But these curst Cords, by which we're
 "bound,

"Genius and Worth like ours confound:
 "One Struggle, spirited, might free,
 "And give us both our Liberty;
 "Uncurb'd we safely then might rove,
 "And laugh at Earth-Worms from above."

"Hold, not so fast," replies the other,
 "Think, think a little, my good Brother;
 "To these Restraints you so despise,
 "We owe the very Power to rise:

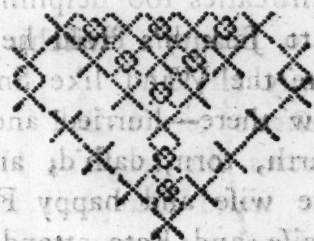
" Without their Help we might remain
 " Unnotic'd Nothings on the Plain;
 " Or worse—on furious Tempests born,
 " We should be hurried, dash'd, and torn!
 " Tho' Paper Kites were made to fly,
 " Cords were design'd to hold them by,
 " And those by whom we're guided know
 " How far with Safety we may go:
 " Ballanc'd by them we thus aspire,
 " While wond'ring Crowds our Blaze admire."

The self-sufficient Kite with Sneer,
 Laugh'd at this over-cautious Fear,
 When a brisk Gale that Instant rising,
 His Friend's Intreaties too despising,
 With one smart Jerk his Hold he broke,
 And flew before the Wind like Smoak;
 Now here—now there—hurried and tost,
 He falls to Earth, torn, dash'd, and lost;
 While his more wise and happy Friend,
 A diff'rent Praise and Fate attend;
 By Prudence held, secure he flies,
 A Meteor to admiring Eyes.

If, *Marcus*, you consider right,
 You're little better than a Kite;
 Quite volatile, and by the bye,
 A shandy Tenant of the Sky;
 And all the Excellence you show,
 To *Lucius*' prudent Care you owe.

Shou'd

Shou'd you your Tutor's Guidance scorn,
 By Passion's furious Tempest born,
 Hurry'd and lost on Folly's Shore,
 You'll fall--alas!--to rise no more;
 But guided by his skilful Hands
 You'll soar--an Honour to the Land;
 Beam Blessings from your high-born Station,
 And shine the Star of an applauding Nation.



Written

[116]
Written on the GRAVE of a very beautiful LADY,

who died of the SMALL-POX.*

DEEPLY interr'd beneath this Sod is
A Piece of Dirt, once call'd a Goddess;
Cou'd you the Goddess now survey,
You'd turn disgustfully away:

Here Putrefaction's Brood appears,
And the proud Maggot domineers;
Those Eyes, than Phæbus' Beams more bright,
Now darker than the darkest Night;
Her Lips, her Neck, her Breasts—alas!
Her all—one foul and putrid Mass.

How near to Beauty's 'witching Pride
Is foul Deformity ally'd!
From Putrefaction's fertile Bed
The Rose uprears his fragrant Head;
From the same foetid Dunghill too,
The stinking Henbane starts to view;
All earthly Things beneath the Skies,
From Putrefaction's Source arise;
A while they flourish and are vain,
And then to Dirt revert again:

What Changes Nature's Monades wear!
Now Fair is Foul—now Foul is Fair:

The

The *Putrefaction* of a *Clown*
 May rise again, and wear a *Crown*;
 And He who Millions now commands,
 May—“*Whistle o'er the furrow'd Lands.*”

Ye *Mortal Goddesses*, be wise,
Beauty just shews itself and dies;
 Hither, O hither come—and see
 What every *Goddess* soon must be.

How near to Beauty's watching Pride
 From *Putrefaction* is the Road
 The Rose upturns a leafy Head;
 From the same fœtid hill too,
 The stinking *Husband* starts to view;
 All earthly Things beneath the Skies
 From *Putrefaction's* source arise;
 A while they flourish and are vain,
 And then to *Dur* revert again.

THOUGHTS
 The *Changes* Nature's *Moulders* wear
 From *Putrefaction* is the Road
 The Rose upturns a leafy Head;
 From the same fœtid hill too,
 The stinking *Husband* starts to view;
 All earthly Things beneath the Skies
 From *Putrefaction's* source arise;
 A while they flourish and are vain,
 And then to *Dur* revert again.

THOUGHTS on reading two Modern Celebrated
NOVELS.

COU'D we in spite of Heav'n and Fate,
Our Passions quite eradicate;
The Fountain then were stopp'd, from whence
Virtue and Vice their Streams dispense.

Never was Picture yet pourtray'd,
Without a blended Light and Shade;
And where the Outline's but exprest,
'Tis a meer lifeless Piece at best.

Body and Soul united still
Are neither perfect Good or Ill;
Then let us view with pitying Eyes
Shades which from Imperfection rise;
On our own Passions keep strict Guard,
Nor slack too much, nor pull too hard;
Secure, we thus Life's Course may take,
Ev'n tho' a Trip we sometimes make.

From the same Heav'n-implanted Root,
Both Good and Evil jointly shoot;
Thus on *Cassia's* Tree, we know,
Both Nourishment and Poison grow.

Well fare those Souls so wond'rous pure,
That human Frailties can't endure;

Such

Such Beings were by Heav'n design'd
For other Planets more refin'd;
But having miss'd their destin'd Road,
Were forc'd on Earth to make abode.

A *Sophy* for this World was made;
A shadeless *Harlowe* hither stray'd.



C L E O R A.

BID all Mankind bow to One sovereign Lord,
And never more unsheathe the vengeful
Sword;

On *Greenland's* Coast bid *Indian* Spices bloom,
The Owl confront the Sun with Eagle Plume;
Bid yonder floating Sea, aloft in Air,
Higher uprise, and skim the Lunar Sphere;
Bid Time, at thy Command, obedient stay,
Count all those Motes, that in the Sun-Beams
play;

With eager Haste the fading Rainbow seize,
Or with your Finger stop the Tide-swoln Seas:
Wild with Desire, a motley Cloud embrace,
And stamp it with a numerous living Race;*
Bid the launch'd Thunder like an Earth-worm
creep,

Or drag reflected *Dian* from the Deep:
All this you sooner may effect, than find
The Meteor Changes of *Cleora's* Mind:
Tir'd with my Search, the Bubble I give o'er,
Yet wish _____
Again to dream on *Hope's* delusive Shore.

* An Allusion to *Ixion's* Amour with a Cloud.

The MOCK HERO.

WHILE *Senifino* with theatric Gait,
Assumes great *Cæsar's* Dignity and
State;

"*Cæsar* ne'er knows what 'tis to fear," he
cries:—

No sooner spoke,—than straightway from the
Flies,

A Clump of dangerous Weight comes thun-
dering down,

Threat'ning Destruction to the Heroe's Crown;

Th' unnerved *Cæsar* trembling straight appears,

He falters, stammers, and---dissolves in Tears:---

Learn, *Britons*, hence, ne'er to assume a Part,

That Nature cries---*Is foreign to the Heart.*



The DEVIL DISAPPOINTED.

1746.

WHEN *Satan* first heard of the Popish
 Invasion,
 And Priestcraft and Slavery threat'ned the Nation,
 He order'd *Ignatius* and *Lewis le Grand*,
 With *Bonner* and *Peters* to wait his Command:
 They, cringing and licking his Hoofs, soon appear,
 While *Nick* smiling ghastly, cries out with a
 Sneer,
 " Here, Scoundrels, here's News will make you
 " look gay,
 " All *Europe* must shortly acknowledge my Sway;
 " Young *Charley* bids fair for the Throne of
 " *Great-Britain*,
 " Which if he but once has the Fortune to sit on,
 " From these darksome Regions below I'll remove,
 " And jointly with him rule Old *England* above:
 " From Whipping and Flogging a while I re-
 " lease ye,
 " And what, I am certain, still better will please ye,
 " With Heretick Blood you may now stuff and
 " gorge,
 " Drink Popery's Health, and Confusion to
 " *George*:
 " *Rantum Scantum*, ye Dogs, away and rejoice,
 " And make Hell resound with your Hollowing
 " and Noise!"

Soon

Soon said and soon done:---Away they are flown,
And the News thro' all Hell in a Moment is
known;

On which, such strange Rackets and Shoutings
did follow,

The Devil himself could scarce hear his own
Holloo:—

Popes, Pickpockets, Jesuits, bald-pated Friars,
Whores, Cardinals, Highwaymen, Abbots, and
Liars,

Commix'd *sans* Distinction, all bellow'd their
Zeal—

For George's Confusion, and Hell's Common-weal.
Some Weeks thus elaps'd, when a Courier came
quick,

By the Soul of a Jesuit—(Post) to Old Nick;
To the Presence when brought, he was order'd
to tell

All he knew 'till his *happy* Admission in Hell:

“What News his good Viceroy, the Pope, had
“sent greeting,

“With whom in a short Time he hop'd for a
“Meeting:

“Tho' Lying of all Things his Highness admir'd,

“The Truth, and Nought else, at this Time he
“requir'd.”

The Jesuit on this most submissively shew'd,
That speaking the Truth was quite out of his Road;

L. 2

But.

But to please his black Highness for once he
 wou'd try,
 To tell what had happen'd without the least Lie:
 With *Charles's* Landing at *Skie* he began,
 Told *Edin's** Surrender, and fam'd *Preston-Pan*:
 On taking *Carlisle* and the *Lancashire* Rout,
Nick chuckled for Joy, and Hell set up a Shout:
 But soon as *Prince William* was nam'd, our
 young *Mars*,
 Their Horns were drawn in, and each Fiend
 hung an A-se:—

"That ill-boding Name," cries Old *Nick*, in a
 Fright,

"Brings fresh to my Mind that damn'd Year
 "Eighty-Eight:"

But, Lord! when he'd heard what strange Work
 had been brewing,
 How all their wise Schemes had brought on their
 own Ruin;

How *William* had conquer'd, and *Charley* had fled,
 Poor Devil! he chang'd to the Colour of *Lead*:
 He blasphem'd, and damning the Tongue that
 had told him,

Flew raging about so, that Hell cou'd scarce
 hold him;

While all his Toad-eating and Hoof-licking Crew,
 Like Sheep-Biters sneaking, to Corners withdrew:

"Are

* *Edina*; *Edinburgh* so called.

"Are all my great Hopes," roars Old *Belzy*,
 "blown over?"

"Destroy'd by this Heretic House of *Hanover*?"

"Shall Pop'ry and Slav'ry no more rear their
 "Head,

"And over Old *England* my Influence spread?—

"No more like myself Papal Bulls roar aloud?"

"Nor Jesuits, like Mountebanks, play on the
 "Crowd?"

"Shall *Smithfield* Burnt-Off'rings no more shew
 "my Sway,

"Nor *Britons* to Power despotic give Way?"

"In spite of my Arts, and my best Ally *France*,

"Shall Freedom and Trade still in *England*
 "advance?"

"Religion still flourish, and over the Main,

"With Glory unmatch'd, *British* Navies still
 reign?"

"Shall *Brunswick*, whom next to my Maker I
 "hate,

"Still govern Mankind, and my Projects defeat?"

"Zoons, Brimstone and Fury! I vow and de-
 "clare it,

"Flesh and Blood,—nay the Devil himself can-
 "not bear it."

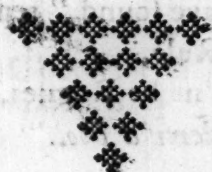
So saying, half-spent, to his Dungeon he crept,
 Got drunk with *French* Brandy;—belch'd, f-r-t-d
 and slept.

The PATRIOTS.

IN seventeen Hundred Forty-five,
 When black Rebellion was alive,
 And with a Giant Stride came forth,
 From her bleak Den, the stormy North;
Jack, who by Creditors unkind,
 Had long in Prison been confin'd,
 As at the Window Bars he stood,
 To take the Air in thoughtful Mood,
 Who shou'd pass by in martial Geer,
 But swagg'ring *Tom* the Grenadier:—
 "Hollo!—now *Thomas*—What's the Crack?"
 Cries *Thomas*—"Bad enough, Friend *Jack*:
 "They say—(damn him!)—the Young Pretender,
 "Bids fair to be our Faith's Defender;
 "And that the Rebels have great Hope,
 "To bring in *Charley* and the Pope."
 Quo' *Jack*, with lengthen'd, rueful Face,
 "Good Heav'n forbid:—If that's the Case,
 "Our Liberty is gone,—and we
 "Must, Frenchmen-like, bear Slavery."
 "Our Liberty!" cries *Tom*, "What's worse,
 "A thousand Times a greater Curse;
 "If the Pretender mounts the Throne,
 "Damme---Our dear Religion's gone."

Thus

Thus *Jack* in Jail exclaims and fears
 Freedom will be abolish'd;
 While swagg'ring *Tom*, Soldier-like, fwears,
 The Church will be demolish'd.



CHAR-

CHARTRES'S APOTHEOSIS.

WHEN *Chartres*, his Corpse not yet cold,
was to Hell come,

With a Sneer, cries Old *Nick*, "My dear Brother!
you're welcome;

" 'Mongst the damn'dest of damnable Fools see
" him taken,

" Let his Cell be well heated, and singe his old
" Bacon:"

" 'Mongst Fools!" quite surpriz'd, cries the
grim-looking Elf,

" Your Highness mistakes; I'm a Rogue like
" yourself."—

" To my Cost I have found," replies *Nick*, "'tis
" a Rule,

" Tho' Fools may'nt be Rogues, yet each Rogue's
" a damn'd Fool."



CHARTRES

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B U T.

A F A B L E.

ENVY, a Spectre, frightful, thin,
 The Darling Progeny of Sin;
 (Her Sire, as ancient Poets tell,
 The lowest, meanest Fiend of Hell;) The
 A bleer-ey'd Hagg, whose only Food Able
 Is human Hearts and human Blood; Which
 And in her Mouth, instead of Tongue, My
 Ten Thousand poison'd Arrows hung: I
 Long had this pestilential Foe By
 Peopled King Satan's Realms below, The
 When his black Highness, as in Duty More
 Bound to her Goodness and her Beauty, And
 Pour'd Favours multiplied upon her, No
 Made her a Maid, or Hagg of Honour; Aided
 And order'd *Pride*, his King at Arms, And
 (No Stranger to Miss *Envy's* Charms) And
 To make her out an Ancestry, And
 Long as a *Welshman's* Pedigree; And
 And spite of Truth and Virtue prove, And
 If possible, she sprung from *Jove*.---- And
 This, Herald-like, *Pride* soon effected, And
 Nor was her Coat of Arms neglected: And
 The Shield was fable; the Device, And
 Three Toads, two Snakes, and twenty Lice; And
Three

Three Vipers gnawing at a Breast,
 Serv'd Madam *Envy* for her Crest;
 In short, the Blaze and the whole Coat,
 The Fair One's mighty Worth denote:—
 The Fair One!—Let not that perplex,
 Females are all of the Fair Sex;
 And be they olive, dinky, brown,
 They're *Fair Ones* call'd throughout the Town.

The Arms made out, some small Dispute
 Arose, What Motto best wou'd suit;
 Cries *Envy*, grinning out a Smile,
 Which spoke her Spleen, and eke her Guile,
 " My Motto, Good Friend *Pride*, shall be
 " Three fav'rite Letters, *B, U, T.*---
 " By Hell and all the Fiends below,
 " To *But*, that Syllable, I owe
 " More hellish Joys---nay stare not, *Pride*,
 " Than to all other Words beside;
 " Search the whole Dictionary round,
 " No Word so envious can be found;
 " Aided by *But*, I dare commend,
 " And stab beneath the Vail of Friend:
 " With Praise, Suspicion I disarm,
 " And then comes *But* with hellish Charm,
 " And rankles in the inmost Core,
 " Pois'ning the Praise was giv'n before;---
 " Thus Poison's best in Sweets conceal'd,
 " Thus Falshood's hid beneath Truth's Shield.

" No

" No Word like *But* my Spite conveys,
 " *But* be my Motto----*But* my Praise."

Dear —, my best, my worthiest Friend,
 To you I dedicate this Fable;
 Goodness like yours it can't offend,
 Your Hearts so very---veritable.



The TWIN-SISTERS.

I.

FAIR *Chastity*, of Lilly Hue,
And *Modesty* like blushing Rose,
New-blown and steep'd in Morning Dew,
In *Clara* happily repose.

II.

All-graceful, o'er the Fair One's Cheeks,
The Emblem Lilly shines reveal'd,
While *Modesty* Retirement seeks
In Beds of Roses deep conceal'd.

III.

With brazen Front loud *Impudence*,
(Of empty Noise and Folly sprung)
From his foul Battery of Offence,
Planted on *Wit-wou'd's* coward Tongue

IV.

Attacks fair *Chastity*,—in Phrase
Thro' which the Coxcomb fully glares;
Such Phrase the Coward Soul betrays,
When aim'd at helpless Maidens' Ears.

V.

Poor *Chastity* alarm'd, for Aid
 Straight calls upon her Twin-born Friend;
 With rosy Ensigns quick display'd,
 Her Sister's blushing Powers attend.

VI.

United, they confound the Foe;
 They come, they see, they overcome:*
 They hurl, like Lightning, overthrow,
 And strike (Amazement!) *Wit-wou'd* dumb.

VII.

In Chains their Captive they confine,
 And to th' applauding World proclaim,
 The rude Invader they consign
 To the opprobrious Cave of Shame.

* Alluding to *Cesar's Veni, Vidi, Vici.*



The MILL.

A TALE.

BENEATH a Court's luxuriant Skies,
Plant *Honesty**, it fades and dies:
Such tender Plants expire of Course,
Oppos'd to *Influenza's* Force—
That Court Disease, who from her Wings
A thousand magic Poisons flings:—
Nor in the Church's ample Sphere
Does *Honesty* much better fare;
Nor in the Law's capacious Round
Is the rich Blossom often found;
These Truths from others I relate,
Nor Court, Church, Law—has been my Fate.

The Tenants to Sir *John* complain,
“The Miller purloins half their Grain:”—
What can be done?—On all his Ground,
This Mill, and *only* this, is found;
With Shame the Pilferer's disgrac'd,
And in his Room another plac'd,
Of Fame unstain'd; by all agreed
A Man right worthy to succeed.

Tempta-

* A Flower not uncommon in *English* Gardens.

Temptations numberless assail;
 This Miller, like the last, proves frail;
 Again the Tenants beg Relief,
 Sir *John's* convinc'd that he's a Thief:---
 " In Truth, my Friends, I've been deceiv'd,
 " No Man more honest I believ'd;
 " A Miller chuse yourselves," he cry'd,
 " On whom we all may safe confide;
 " But first his Merits closely scan;
 " To me 'tis equal who's the Man."

After much tedious Altercation,
 They come to a Determination;
 A Miller's fix'd on; one whose Name
 Challeng'd the loudest Blast of Fame;
 The Tenants all in this agree,
 " If there's an honest Man---'tis He."

For some Time no Complaint was heard,
 A Month, or longer, 'tis averr'd;
 At length---alas---too true, tho' strange,
 This *Paragon* began to change;
 Suspicion, as if half afraid,
 In doubtful Grumblings Hints convey'd;
 These Grumblings every Day increast,
 'Till all the Miller glares confest:

" The Toll too large-----Their Corn when
 " ground,

" Was, on Return, nor fair or sound;

" Their Flour all mix'd,—scarce Half their Due;
 " *The greatest Rogue they ever knew.*"

Once more to good Sir *John* they fly:
 Sir *John* soon makes 'em this Reply.

" No farther Change I'll now admit,
 " To your own Choice you must submit;
 " The Miller whom you thus upbraid,
 " *Was* honest 'till a Miller made;
 " And honest had continued still,
 " But for the Air of that damn'd Mill:
 " At that alone your Vengeance aim;
 " The Mill and not the Man's to blame."

*Learn, Reader, from this little Tale,
 That ev'n the best of Men are frail;
 And where curst-Influenza's found,
 Millers will evermore abound.*



The

The CRITIC and BARD.

A FABLE.

A CRITIC with a Phiz severe,
 The Quintessence of Cynic Sneer,
 Who still put on the---*Very Wise*,
 A Cuckow in an Owl's Disguise;
 To while away his vacant Time,
 Chanc'd to take up a Book of Rhyme;
 Whether the Work of *Dryden*, *Gay*,
 Or *Pope*, we can't exactly say:---
 He reads, he sneers, he drops the Book,
 And with a self-sufficient Look
 Thus cries----- "Good Heav'ns! what Stuff
 " is here?"

" Such Nonsense Fools alone can bear;
 " Your Poets make their Meadows laugh,
 " Their Spears and Swords the Life-Blood quaff;
 " The list'ning Moon stoop from her Sphere,
 " Some Lover's Madrigals to hear;
 " While Sylphs and Fairies---which still worse is,
 " (Fit Entertainment for old Nurses)
 " Fill idle Brains with foolish Fancies,
 " Ev'n worse than *N-b--*'s damn'd Romances=
 " One common Sentiment in Prose,
 " Is worth a thousand Books like those."

He spoke, and to his great Surprise,
 The Poet's Shade confronts his Eyes:

M 3

" Shall

" Shall grovelling Pedants Rules impose,
 " And judge of Song by Laws of Prose,
 " (Exclaims the Bard)?---Shall Clods aspire,
 " Eyeless, to guide bright Sons of Fire?---
 " As well might Owls thro' Blaze of Noon,
 " Guide *Jove's* own Bird to hail the Sun:---
 " The *Plastic* Sisters can with Ease
 " Inspire, create, whene'er they please;
 " With Life can Fields, Trees, Floods endue,
 " Ev'n all Things---save such Clods as you.

" The *Muses'* Temple, high in Air,
 " Was never form'd by Rule or Square;
 " Inspired by the Genial Nine,
 " Wild *Fancy* drew the Plan Divine;
 " And while they sung their heav'nly Strain,
 " To Music rose the magic Fane.

" Be humble, Wretch, thy Spleen controul,
 " For know---you're but a Critic Mole;
 " And Moles, when *Phæbus* shines most bright,
 " Are bury'd in the darkest Night."

So said, the Bard, frowning Disdain,
 Re-melted into Air again:
 Th' unfeeling Critic, undismay'd,
 Scarce understood one Word was said;
 But like his Brethren of all Four,
 Thought on---as he had thought before.

On being asked by Miss —— to write a RIDDLE..

I.

WHAT is that Thing which Man desires,
Inform me, Ladies, if you can?
That pleases most, yet soonest tires,
The Comfort and the Plague of Man?"

II.

That Paradox, which Mortals find
Sometimes a Truth, oftner a Fiction,
By sage Logicians defin'd,
An Axiom, yet a Contradiction.

III.

To this same Being—(strange! tho' true)
We owe our very Preservation;
And in some Measure's likewise due,
Our Health, our Wealth, nay our Creation.

IV.

The Phantom we approach with Fear,
Yet careless when the Prize is got;
Like *Hamlet's* Ghost,---'tis here---'tis there---
We have it, and we have it not.

To

On

V.

To play on better than Bassoon,
 Than Hautboy, Harpsichord, or Fiddle;
 Yet often harsh and out of Tune;—
 What's the strange Name of this strange Riddle?

Gloe enquiring what this Riddle was,
 I led the smiling Fair One to a Glass.



The S P L E E N.

L

ASK *Plumbo*, what's the dreadful Cause,
That he's so gloomy seen,
Plumbo brings out with labour'd Pause,
He's tortur'd with the Spleen.

II.

But Dulness and the Spleen, my Friend,
In Nature differ wide;
Dulness and Folly kindred blend,
While Wit to Spleen's ally'd.

III.

The Man who with the Spleen's possess'd,
Is like an *April* Day;
This Hour by mirky Clouds oppress'd,
The next serenely gay.

IV.

Not so the Man, within whose Skull,
Dulness bears soveriegn Rule;
Like a *November* Day he's dull,
A *semper idem* Fool.

RIGHT.

RIGHT-HAND and LEFT.

A FABLE.

THE Right-Hand,—'twas but t'other Day,
 Thus to the Left was heard to say:
 " If some Folks knew themselves, 'twere well,
 " Give 'em an Inch, they'll take an Ell;
 " 'Twou'd be with Manners more consistent,
 " If, Sir, you kept a little distant;
 " Tho' now and then I condescend
 " To use you as a menial Friend,
 " Kindly to clasp, embrace, and shake ye,
 " When frosty Seasons chilly make ye;
 " Because forsooth I sometimes stoop,
 " You seem to ride quite Cock a hoop;
 " And dare, tho' so much underbred,
 " Equal with me to hold your Head:---
 " If to your proper Use apply'd,
 " You're only fit to wipe B---e,
 " Or some such servile Work, while I
 " The noblest Scenes of Art supply:
 " By me his Skill each Artist shows,
 " By me the mimic Canvass glows;
 " And what the Sister Nine indite,
 " Were lost, if I, Sir, did not write:

" 'Tis

" 'Tis I who Wisdom's Truths explain,
 " I'm premier Midwife to the Brain;
 " Lovers by me their Pains reveal,
 " The Cards I shuffle, cut and deal:
 " But what's superior to the rest,
 " What makes me most supremely blest,
 " The Fair I'm licens'd to approach,
 " To touch, to lead 'em to their Coach;
 " Thus blest, 'tis I, Sir, can impart
 " Raptures most thrilling to the Heart;
 " While you, with Awkwardness disguis'd,
 " Are to a Proverb ev'n---despis'd:
 " So, good *Sinister*, judge the Sequel,
 " You're not to think yourself my Equal."

Sinister, cool and free from Passion,
 Thus answer'd *Dexter*, his Relation.

" Good Brother---for say what you will,
 " You're only my Twin Brother still;---
 " What's all this mighty Fuss about?
 " You quite forget yourself, I doubt;---
 " In every Thing you undertake
 " What a fine Figure you must make
 " By me unaided, worthy Sir?---
 " You'd look as strange as one-ear'd Cur:
 " You know in Quibbling I delight,
 " You're sometimes *Wrong*, tho' always *Right*:

" In

'Tis

" In every Monument of Art,
 " I never fail to bear a Part;
 " The *Muses'* Bus'ness I cou'd do
 " Upon a Pinch, as well as you;
 " And with the Fair, the Hand that gives
 " The Heart, and mutually receives,
 " Or Right or Left, 'tis all the same;
 " Such Trifles burning Hearts disclaim:
 " In Dancing too---nay, never stare,
 " Right-Hand and Left my Worth declare;
 " And *Hoyle* himself, without my Aid,
 " Would find Quadrille an aukward Trade.

" Those great Advantages you boast,
 " Are accidental at the most;
 " To Education they are due,
 " Not to intrinsic Worth in you:
 " With equal Talents born, had I
 " Been *taught* my Talents to apply,
 " You had not call'd me your Inferior,
 " But, envious, found me your Superior;
 " For Envy in that Breast must dwell,
 " That with Pride's Meanness thus can swell.

" What's yours, Chance might have made
 " another's;
 " Tho' Right and Left we still are Brothers."

How sweeter far the Garden Rose,
 To that which in the Hedges grows!

How

How diff'rent *Afric's* tawny Race,
 From those who *Europe's* Climates grace!
 Tho' Nature the Foundation lays,
 Art must the Superstructure raise;
 And the Criterion of each Station,
 Proceeds alone from Education.



THE T. G. N. O. S. A. N. D. L. E. S.

I.

HOW wretched is your Lover's Fate,
I die with Grief if you shou'd hate;
If to my utmost Wishes kind,
Death from Excess of Joy I find.

II.

Since either Way I Death must know,
Let it, dear Nymph, from Kindness flow;
Such Death more joyous I'd receive,
Than any Life that Heav'n can give.



The

The TWO CANDLES.

A FABLE.

TWO Candles burning in a Hall,
 The one large-wick'd, the other small;
 While Large-Wick cheerful blaz'd and bright,
 The other scarce gave any Light;
 But in a Corner on a Shelf,
 Just glimmer'd, as to please himself:—
 Cries Small-Wick, sneering, to the other,
 “ You blaze away, my showy Brother,
 “ But that superior Light you boast
 “ Must soon---so quick you burn---be lost;
 “ While, to Self-preservation true,
 “ I shall out-live three such as you:
 Large-Wick, directed by the Sound,
 His dark'd-ey'd Neighbour quickly found,
 (Who else must have unnotic'd been,
 And, as quite worthless, overseen)
 And thus reply'd: “ Thou gloomy Aid
 “ To the dark Us'rer's baneful Trade;
 “ Thou *Darkness visible*, scarce seen,
 “ Thou fit Companion for the Spleen;
 “ From thy poor Gasconade desist,
 “ Yours is not Life—you but *Exist*;

N 2

“ While

" While I, the few Short Hours I know,
 " In doing Good my Time bestow;
 " Candles are destin'd to supply
 " The Want of Day-light in the Sky;
 " Like supplimental Suns to light,
 " And banish Darkness, Gloom, and Night;
 " To lengthen Life, and kindly shower
 " That Bliss of Blisses, Visual Power:
 " This, while I live, I cheerful do,
 " While such poor selfish Things as you,
 " Who hugger-mugger spend your Rays,
 " And have not Soul to give a Blaze,
 " Are still unnotic'd by Mankind,
 " But when you leave a Stink behind."

The Contest *Susan* heard, and took
 Small-Wick from his sequester'd Nook;
 She thrust him in the Kitchen Fire,
 Worthless,---unheeded---to expire:
 While Large-Wick, in the Parlour grac'd,
 And 'mid surrounding Beauties plac'd,
 A cheerful Lustre boldly throws,
 And to the last his Spirit shows.

Souls are like Candle-Wicks---when small,
 They scarce give any Light at all:
 When large---they're public Blessings found,
 And beam their cheerful Blaze around;

And

While I, the low short Hours I know
And if our Lives, as Sages show,
Are measur'd by the Good we do,
And not by Days and Months--I fear
Too many Small-Wicks will appear;
And may be said, with Truth's Confidence,
Barely to know the *Twilight of Existence*.

That Bill of Bliss, Vital Power;
This, while I live, I cheerful do,
While such poor selfish Things as you,
Who hugger-mugger spend your Rays,
And have not soul to give a Blaze,
Are still unnoted by Mankind;
But when you leave a stink behind,
The Council say, look and look!
Small-Wick you burn in the Conick;
She shriveled him in the Fire-stick.
Wonders,--
While Large-Wick, without grace,
And mid' surrounding flames, glared
A cheerful Lustre boldly threw
And to the last his light he threw.

Souls are like Candle-Wicks--when small,
They scarce give any light at all.
When large--they're public Blessings found,
and bear their cheerful Blaze around.

ABUSE *and* FLATTERY.

LIKE *Hail*, that strikes with Force, yet
 leaves no Wound,
 But harmless falls, and wastes upon the Ground;
 Abuse, when undeserv'd, we safe abide,
 Her Arrows conscious Virtue turns aside:
 But ah!--like Rain that gently falling, cleaves,
 While the drench'd Garb the dang'rous Guest
 receives;
 Flatt'ry, soft stealing, easy Entrance finds,
 And proves the Bane of unsuspecting Minds:
 To the Soul's Core the Phantom steals unknown,
 Health flies, and Fever fills the vacant Throne;
 Raving a while we skim a Fairy Coast,
 Nor from th' Illusion wake, 'till we are lost.

When Vice the honest Bosom wou'd ensnare,
 The Flatterer's *Janus* Mask she's sure to wear;
 And as our Body's Health the Rain annoys,
 Flattery's insidious Dew our Souls destroys.



THE OAPIFIER.

PHOEBUS, as Poets all aver,
 Is Nature's grandest *Opifer*;
 They say, that ev'ry Thing we view
 To his inspiring Pow'r is due;
 That he impregnates Mother Earth,
 To ev'ry Flow'r and Tree gives Birth;
 That he alone can *vivify*,
 (A monst'rous Falshood by the Bye!).
 For marvellous as Poets show him,
Cloe a Bar's Length can out-do him.

When *Phæbus*, by his *genial* Power,
 Wakes into Life each Herb and Flower,
 What Days and Weeks and Months are fled,
 E'er Vegetation rears its Head!
 Slow into Life the Flowers creep,
 And grow as they were half asleep;
 But when fair *Cloe* moves along,
 Like Lightning starts a new-made Throng;
 The Flow'rs beneath her Feet shoot high,
 As if some Wonder to espy;
 Which, plain as Pike Staff, must denote
 A Something in her Petticoat,
 That makes glad Nature quicker rise,
 Than all th' *Apollos* in the Skies.

And

And did not *Cloe* nimbly pass
 Over the animated Grass,
 The sportive Flow'rs wou'd joyous show,
 By grateful Kisses what they owe,
 To that same *vivifying* Part,
 Which such *strange Magic* can impart.

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Written in a Company where DETRACTION
engrossed the Conversation.

I.
SWEET to the Scent's the smelling Briar,
Yet touch'd it gives us Pain;
The Streamlet we so much admire,
Is oft distain'd with Rain.

II.
The Painting that delights the Eye,
To Shades its Beauty owes;
On the same Shrub conjoin'd we spy
The Thorn and blushing Rose.

III.
No Mortal ever yet was made
From Imperfection free;
Angels themselves have some small Shade;---
Heav'n wills it thus shou'd be.

IV.
Mercy to others Failings show,
As you wou'd be forgiv'n;
The best Man's Lot, alas, were Woe,
Were Mercy not in Heaven.

The

The FLOCK of WILD-GEESE.*

CROSSING the *Humber* in a Wherry,
 The Weather fine, Companions merry;
 The Day, if I can right remember,
 The twenty-third of last *December*,
 An honest Farmer chanc'd to spy
 A Flock of Wild-Geese in the Sky;
 His Head he eager scrats, he grins,
 "Look there, Friend *Will*," he cries, "odswinds!
 "Those Wild-Geese scudding o'er yon Spot,
 "Would prove a most delightful Shot;
 "Were I on Shore and had my Gun,
 "By'r Lady, I'd have glorious Fun;
 "High as they fly, I'll hawd a Crown,
 "I'd bring some of their Worships down."
Will rubs his Eyes—"Why how now, *Ned*,
 "For certain sure you're wrong i'th' Head---
 "Wild-Geese! I've look'd and look'd again---
 "Are not these Wild-Geese in your Brain?
 "My Eyes, thank Heav'n are strong and clear,
 "And yet no Geese to me appear."
 "Quo' *Ned*, "Your Sight is woundy dim,
 "See—o'er yon Mill—there—there they skim;"
 "Will

* The above was written on being applied to by two Disputants; one of whom was warm in Praise of *Tristram Shandy*, and the other abusing it as a Work of no Merit.

Will swears "There's nae fike Thing: That he
 "As well as any Mon can see;"
 While *Ned*, to Anger half inclin'd,
 Re-swears—"That Farmer *Will* is blind:"
 Hot and more hot grows the Dispute;
 The other Passengers are mute:
 High Betts are offer'd—sure Decision,
 To prove each right in his Opinion.—
 At length, unable to agree,
 They make Old *Hobson* Referee;
 Determined by his Voice to rest,
 Which of the Two could see the best.
 Cries *Hobson* with sagacious Look,
 (His Beard down-stroaking as he spoke)
 "Ned swore he saw—nay swears it still,
 "A Flock of Geese o'er yonder Mill:
 "This *Will* with Trooper Oaths denies,
 "While *Ned* swears, *Will* has got no Eyes;
 "Will might with Modesty have said,
 "He nothing saw;—and Farmer *Ned*
 "Instead of flying thus outright,
 "Shou'd have compassion'd *William's* Sight.
 "That *Will's* quite honest I believe,
 "But Eyes short-sighted will deceive;
 "And all *Will's* Oaths but barely show,
 "That *Ned* sees farther of the Two.
 "Shake Hands---be Friends---let Discord cease,
 "And o'er a Tankard sign your Peace.

Thus

Thus *Hobson*—But short-sighted *Will*
 Persists in his Opinion still.
 None are more obstinate than those
 Who can't see farther than their Nose;
 And Moles are of that stupid Kind,
 They don't perceive that they are blind.

At *Mary's* Birth each Courtier
 "She has Wit, she has Wit,"
 "Ev'n as the Birth of *Will* was
 And 'twas a sign of her Power;
 Whether he laughs, or cries, or sneezes,
 Uncommon Wit her Baby shows;
 But one Thing makes poor *Will* cry,
 "She fears he's too much like her
 A block of Wood or a stone;
 At School he's no more than
 Yet seldom would he be
 Mischief is what he's
 Mischief he studies day and night;
 And he who Mischief does
 With School-Boys is the
 But even in his play he
 His Brothers (as they call him)
 For Master *Mary's* Courtier
 sure Eclogue to the many Words
 His eyes, *Will* must yet be blind
 And o'er a Tangle run your Peace.
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 Thus

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The WIT'S PROGRESS.

YOUR Genealogists decide,
That Wit to Folly's near ally'd;
Whence 'tis observ'd, that Sense and Wit,
In friendly Union seldom hit.

At *Macro's* Birth each Gossip cries,
"She sees Wit sparkle in his Eyes;"
Ev'n at the Breast his Wit amazes,
And Nurse is lavish of her Praises;
Whether he laughs, or cries, or crows,
Uncommon Wit her Baby shows:
But one Thing makes poor Nursy grieve,
"She fears he's too much Wit to live."

At School he Learning quickly gains,
Yet seldom what he gets retains:
Mischief is *Macro's* chief Delight,
Mischief he studies Day and Night;
And he who Mischief best can hit,
With School-Boys is the greatest Wit.
But even in those boyish Days,
His Breeches' Tenant often pays,
For Master *Macro's* witty Ways:
Sure Prologue to the many Woes
His ripen'd Wit must yet disclose.

O

At

At College each raw Youth is sent
 With *Macro's* Humour, Whim, and Wit;
 By which his Vanity's encreas'd;
 He thinks himself a *Swift* at least;
 But *Macro's* so amazing quick,
 To One Thing he can never stick:
 Meer Superficials suffice;
Macro's too witty to be wise:
 Of each Preceptor and grave Soph,
 His Wit is sure to make a Scoff;
 With him each Fellow's an Old Miss,
 Of Masculine Genis;
 From *Locke* or *Newton* see him run,
 With Pleasure to enjoy a Pun;
 And all the Sense of *Aristotle*
 Is a meer Trifle to a Bottle:
 This soon brings on the Art of Drinking,
 To which succeeds the Want of Thinking;
 For when Wit owns the Bottle's Sway,
 Poor Wit's in a consumptive Way:
 He drinks, he games, he wenches, swears,
 And a most glorious Buck appears.

Expell'd from College, *Macro* soon
 Among the *Bedford* Wits is known;
 Here Wit is current sure to pass,
 If fix'd with an Alloy of Brass:
 Now like his Brother Wits he dreams
 Of Glory and *Pactolean* Streams;

But

But Consequences soon declare
 'Tis building Castles in the Air;
 For Wit's an hungry Entertainment,
 It seldom brings us Food or Raiment:
 He writes and spins his Cobweb Brains,
 Small his Renown, but less his Gains:
 His slip-shod *Billingsgate*-sprung Muse
 Is perfect Mistress of Abuse:
 He libels, and our modest Bard
 Receives a Cudgel for Reward;
 His little Patrimony flies,
 His Wit brings in but poor Supplies;
 At length in Want of Board and Bed,
 He Hackney Scribbler turns for Bread;
 Hunger and ragged Want assail,
 And his last Lodging is a Jail:
 Despis'd by All, and All despising,
 Not the least Spark of Hope arising,
 Like a *True Wit* he ends his Pains,
 And foolishly blows out his Brains.

Have you not in a darksome Night,
 A Meteor seen; with rapid Flight
 Dart thro' the Sky,—while Blockheads swear,
 The glitt'ring *Nothing* is a Star:
 Ended its unsubstantial Fires,
 In some foul Ditch it soon expires,

THE WHALE AND TUB.
O N E.

+

ONE only Babe that pretty, good and wile
 Now breathes;—and that's my Babe each
 Nasty cries;—
 One only Faith that points to Heaven the Way,—
 “That Faith & preachy” you hear each Fla-
 men say
 “But One True Judgement,” cries each Critic
 Elf,
 And that, he swears, is center'd in *Himself*;
 One Garrick is the universal Cry,
 And but One George were Treason to deny;
 Mistaken all! Let Emulation warm,
 What erst was single, into Life will swarm;
 And where prolific Genius strikes the Root,
 More Flow'rs than One from the strong Stem
 will shoot.
 Of all *Created*, there are more than One;
 Single there's Nothing, save—*One God alone.*

The Public Tub, the reigning Fashion,
 By which the Whale's Attention's caught,
 Is a page Tub to please the Nation,
 From Patagonian Highlands brought.

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The W H A L E and T U B.

1766.

THE Whale appears, he foams, he rages,
 And Ruin to the Ship presages;
 An empty Tub is quickly thrown,
 And lo! The Monster's Fury's gone;
 And *Sin Leviathan*, with Pleasure,
 Plays with his empty wooden Treasure
 Like Child with Rattle, and ne'er thinks
 Whether the Vessel swims or sinks:
 Just so our Monster, the huge Rabble,
 Who, tubeless, still will fight and squabble,
 And of the Nation's Rights talk high,
 Of Taxes, Trade, and Liberty;
 Must, to amuse them, have some Toy,
 Their shallow Noddles to employ;
 The Bottle Conjurer, a Ghost,
Bess Canning, or some fav'rite Toast,
 Shall, bubble-like, fix their Attention,
 And prove a Bone of fierce Contention;
 While those the Public Helm who steer,
 With Ease can of the Whale keep clear.

The Public Tub, the reigning Fashion,
 By which the Whale's Attention's caught,
 Is a huge Tub to please the Nation,
 From *Patagonian Highlands* brought.

[1621]

Long may our gracious Monarch live,
And long in Safety may he reign;
And grant that Common Sense revive,
And Britons bear a better Brain.

But were an Act intended to take place,
One single Age would murder all our Race;
A Nation still remains,—Britons, be wise,
In Ballotting this saving Westminster lies;
The Axe is fixing at Corruption's Root,
Which cut, would venom'd Influence cease to

A Pow'r more stable
And o'er a free-born people reign.

* Ballotting, not only in Elections for Parliament, but
in all National Elections, from the Choosing a Jury Com-
missioner to the Election of Parliament, is proposed.



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[1630]

A **N** **O** **M** **S** **T** **R** **U** **M**
T **O** **O** short Seven fleeting Years, to re-supply
Those Droues that by Electioneering die;
But were an Act *Triennial* to take Place,
One single Age wou'd murder all our Race:
A *Nostrum* still remains,—*Britons*, be wise,
In *Ballotting* this Saving *Nostrum* lies;
The Axe 'tis fixing at Corruption's Root,
Which cut, wou'd venom'd Influence cease to
shoot;
A Pow'r more stable Monarchs wou'd attain,
And o'er a free-born, *willing* People reign.*

* *Ballotting*, not only in Elections for Parliament, but
in all National Concerns, from the Chusing a Petty Con-
stable, to the Decision of Parliamentary Questions.



The

The DIFFERENT MEDIUMS.

NED with his Comrade Dick disputes,

What Simile the aptest suits,
In striking Colours to declare
The various Passions of the Fair.

" No Simile so very pat,

" To me appears, as that of—*Cat*,"

Cries Ned: " Tho' thousand Proofs arise,

" A few, I fancy, may suffice.

" Women when young, are frisky, gay,

" Quite kittenish, and full of Play;

" When riper grown in Love or Wit,

" Like Cats they're apt to scrat and spit.

" By ancient Bards it has been said,

" A Cat was turn'd into a Maid:

" May we not from that Fountain trace

" Our modern skittish, cattish Race?

" The Fierceness of a Cat is seen

" Where'er you raise a Woman's Spléén;

" This Hour she purrs in friendly Note,

" The next she fastens on your Throat:

" Still in Extremes, like Cats they shew,

" Whether they scrat, or purr, or mew.

Re-murmurs with their mutual Love:—
Grief's pangs b'd—and the conscious Grove
She looks and acts such tender Things

With

" 'Tis thought that Cats have got nine Lives :

" Some Husbands think so of their Wives.

" In Cats when raging Passions dwell,

" Their Tails like Bottle Brushes swell;

" In Women too, when Rage prevails,

" You're sure to find it — ~~as that of — Cat~~

" Blasphemers hold — (cries *Will*) for Shame!

" Nor thus the Angel-Sex defame:

" If aught beneath high Heav'n can bear

" To stand as Emblem to the Fair,

" The Dove — the *Turtie* Dove alone —

" Must in that favour'd Light be shewn.

" How sweetly Women bill and coo!

" How loving, tender, and how true!

" No Gall finds Room within their Breast,

" *There* Turtle Love erects his Nest;

" Ev'n when they most displeas'd appear,

" The Turtle's plaintive Moan we hear.

" When dire Misfortune's baleful Smart,

" Has flutter'd little *Tommy's* Heart,

" In his lov'd Mate he constant finds

" A Sov'reign Balm for wounded Minds;

" She curves, and with encircling Wings

" She looks and acts such tender Things,

" Grief's banish'd, — and the conscious Grove,

" Re-murmurs with their mutual Love: —

" With

“ With Dove-like Sweetness thus the Fair
 “ Guards Man against the Fiend *Despair*:
 “ She smiles, she speaks, and each Carefs
 “ She mixes with such Tenderness,
 “ Misfortune’s Darts no more annoy,
 “ But all is Love, and rapturous Joy.

“ In Patience Nothing can compare
 “ With Turtle Doves,—except the Fair.

“ Pray, what are *Venus* and her Doves,
 “ But Emblems of their Charms and Loves?

“ In short, in every Thing they do,
 “ Whether they murmur, bill or coo,
 “ Women are Turtles, gallefs, kind and true. }

Ned laugh’d aloud; then sighing said,
 “ You’re single, *Dick*—but I am wed.”

Thro’ different Mediums to Men’s Eyes,
 How widely different Things appear!
 While Juggler Prejudice supplies,
 The different Spectacles we wear.

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The SWIMMERS.

A Youth of Parts and Genius bright,
 In Swimming took a great Delight;
 At first the Stream he cautious enters,
 Nor higher than his Navel ventures;
 Short Strokes his Want of Skill denote,
 The briny Wave gets down his Throat;
 Determin'd still he perseveres,
 Nor Pain or Difficulties fears;
 Acquires, each Trial, Something new,
 (What will not Perseverance do?)
 'Till by Degrees he boldly braves
 With fearless Breast th' opposing Waves;
 Roves at Discretion, and with Skill,
 Or skims the Stream, or dives at Will;
 His School Mates all in this agree,
 "No Youth more graceful swims than he;"
 How deep *Hall* cares not Half a F—t,
 Quite Master of the Swimming Art,
 Can sound the Depths, and at his Leisure,
 Search all the River thro' at Pleasure.

His Comrade *Dick*, the self-same Views,
 Tho' in a different Road pursues;
 Too indolent to persevere,
 Bladders, full blown, his Carcass bear;
 By them up-born, *Dick* long with Pride
 Had, Straw-like, floated on the Tide;

With

With Superficials content,
 And boastful wheresoe'er he went;
 But *Dick*, alas! cou'd never sound
 The Depths, nor reach the fathom'd Ground.

One Day as o'er the Stream he hies,
 And on his puff-up Friends relies,
 Venturing, as Coxcombs often will,
 Beyond his Depth—devoid of Skill,—
 The Bladders burst,—*Dick* meets his Fate,
 And mourns his Want of Skill too late;
 With wishful Eyes he views the Shore,
 And sinks, alas! to rise no more.

In Learning or in Politics,
 How many superficial *Dicks*!
 While *Halls* to Sense and Learning true,
 Alas!—how very, very few.

None from their Wadings should depart,
 But Masters in the Swimming Art.

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IN SESE VOLVITUR ANNUS

“ **W**ITH Sprightly Mein and Village bland,
In order first, throughout the Land,

“ Spring trips in, and where'er she treads,

“ With Sweets revives the sickly Meads;

“ Strews Flowers as she sports along,

“ And blossom'd Sprays resound the Song;

“ While Man, Beasts, Birds, and Fish combine,

“ In Praise of Genial *Valentine*:

“ Playful as Kid, amid her Train,

“ Is seen the Village Maid and Swain;

“ The Loves and Graces at her Sight,

“ Whom *Winter's* Chill had put to Flight,

“ From Heav'n, accompanied by *Mirth*,

“ Again revisit Spring and Earth;

“ And Nature, with a gladsome Eye,

“ Beholds her Darling passing by.

“ Next, with that Majesty and Pride

“ By which Heav'n's Queen is dignified,

“ *Summer* succeeds—Whose pow'ful Sway,

“ Earth, Seas, and kindling Air obey:

“ The Sun from *Cancer* darts his Rays,

“ And pours an all-commanding Blaze;

“ Impregns with Life the fruitful Earth,

“ And all Creation bursts to Birth:—

“ On her Left-Hand, with glowing Face,

“ *Heat* slowly moves:---With gentle Pace

P

“ *Zephir*

" Zephyr upon her Right is seen,
 " Compress'd by whom, the melting Queen
 " Produc'd fair *Health*, a lovely Boy,
 " Whom all admire, yet few enjoy.
 " She passes on—and in her Rear,
 " *Autumn*, Shief-crown'd, behold appear;
 " And *Plenty* with a buxom Face,
 " And *Cheerfulness* with smiling Grace,
 " Dance Hand in Hand, and o'er the Plains,
 " Trip to *EUPHROSINE's* light Strains;
 " While *Ceres*-blest, the Reaper's Throng
 " The Chorus joins of Nature's Song:
 " With echoing Horns the Hills resound,
 " The Hare flies o'er the shaven Ground;
 " The loaded Waggons strip the Fields,
 " The sounding Flail the Peasant wields,
 " Joyous he fills the flowing Bowl,
 " And *Pleasantry* inspires each Soul;
 " O'er Harvest Suppers gay presides,
 " And, mirthful, shakes his lusty Sides;
 " And *Spleen*, self-banish'd, takes her Flight,
 " Conceal'd in Darkness, Gloom, and Night.
 " From the bleak North, in Sables drest,
 " Crawls *Winter* last,—with Age oppress;
 " Blear-ey'd—his Back ybent like Bow,
 " His bald Head deeply cap'd in Snow;
 " With shrunk-in Cheeks—and frightful Beard
 " Of Ificles;—his Voice is heard

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" In howling Tempests—and his Train
 " Compos'd of Fogs, Winds, Snow, and Rain;
 " With scanty Light, obliquely given
 " From the remotest Part of Heaven:
 " His wrinkled Visage, Looks severe,
 " Strike Nature with a chilly Fear;
 " Languid her Pulse and Spirits beat,
 " And, frighted, to her Heart retreat:
 " Where'er he moves, wild Horror reigns,
 " He spreads Destruction thro' the Plains,
 " 'Till Hope once more with Cherub's Wing,
 " Points the Return of youthful Spring;
 " At whose Approach the Tyrant flies,
 " To cheerless Patagonian Skies;
 " While, as before, in Order due,
 " The passing Seasons we review.

" Thus Nature Annual Life resumes,
 " And with fresh Youth and Beauty blooms;
 " While all the Changes Mortals know,
 " From one poor single Round must flow;
 " For wounded once by Winter's Sting,
 " Man never hails Return of Spring."

Beneath a spreading Shade reclin'd,
 Thus Lucius sung with pensive Mind;
 When blest with Music's sweetest Lay,
 A heav'nly Voice was heard to say:
 " Can Man, ungrateful, thus despair?
 " Man, who is Heav'n's peculiar Care:

" Reason, and Revelation show,
 " That Man, Heaven-favour'd Man, shall know
 " Another Spring above the Skies,
 " Where like a *Phoenix* he shall rise,
 " Where gloomy *Winter* never comes,
 " But *Spring* unfading always blooms;
 " And He who *Virtue's* Mount can climb,
 " Defiance bids to murdering Time;
 " The Seasons which in Orbits run,
 " The Earth, and Heaven's great Eye, the Sun,
 " Yon azure Vault, and Starry Host,
 " Shall fade---again in Chaos lost:
 " Ev'n Time itself shall be no more,
 " While *Virtue* shall immortal soar;
 " For *Virtue's* Stream can never die,
 " Which God's own Fountain does supply."



E. P. I. G. R. A. M.

WITH folded Hands and lifted Eyes,
 "Have Mercy, Heav'n," the Parson
 cries;
 "And on our Sun-burnt, thirsty Plains,
 "Thy Blessings send in genial Rains."
 The Sermon ended, and the Pray'rs,
 The Parson to be gone prepares;
 When with a Look, brighten'd in Smiles,
 "Thank Heav'n! it rains," cries Farmer Giles:
 "Rains!" quo' the Parson---"Sure you Joke;
 "Rains!—Heav'n forbid---I han't my Cloak!"



The D O V E S.

I.

TWO fonder Turtles never woo'd
On Hill or shady Grove;
In murm'ring Notes they bill'd, they coo'd,
And answer'd Love for Love.

II.

Their little Bosoms thought no III,
The Murd'rer ey'd his Game;
He heard 'em coo---He saw 'em bill,
Yet---took his fatal Aim:

III.

He fir'd;---he shed the truest Blood
E'er warm'd a Turtle's Heart;
Amaz'd Colombo's Partner stood,
Nor from his Side wou'd part.

IV.

" If, Murd'rer, thou *canst* Mercy show,
" Here aim your welcome Stroke;
" Again, again repeat your Blow;
" Your Vengeance I invoke."

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V.

He levell'd, and his Aim was true;
 She wish'd the fatal Shot;
 The Piece recoil'd; it burst, it flew
 The Murd'rer on the Spot.

VI.

'Twas *Venus*' Work:--Her vengeful Hand,
 To Death the Savage dooms:--
 She speaks---and at her high Command,
Colomba Life resumes.

VII.

Grateful, their warmest Thanks they pay,
 To the bright Queen of Love;
 Who, watchful of their amorous Play,
 Ev'n wish'd herself a Dove.

VIII.

Their little Hearts with Bliss o'er-ran,
 Strait to the Grove they flew;
 And to the Haunts of murd'rous Man,
 Murmur'd a long *Adieu*.

To Mr — Y —, on his Marriage with a
most joyous Lady.

X
THO' some talk of your Marriage queerly,
I wish you Joy, Tom, most sincerely;
And Joy that Husband must possess,
Whose Wife's the Source of Joyousness:
Whose Wife has Hundreds happy made,
Quite Mistress of the joyous Trade;
What endless Joys to him are known,
Who all those Joys now calls his own;
Too much for one poor Man to bear,
With Friends you'll therefore kindly share.

I hope, dear Tom, you've now for Life
Got a most joyous, active Wife;
To whom both Will and Pow'r are given,
Of making Spousy free of Heaven;
And who—(Can Love be more exprest?)
Wou'd damn herself to make You blest.

Your Friends all wish you Joy, and hope
You've now of Joy---a Cornu-Cope:---
One Cornu-Cope perhaps won't do;
Why then, dear Tom, We wish you Two.

Ah

An EPILOGUE.

ACTORS are grown religious now-a-days,
 And Epilogues are Graces after Plays:
 I hope our Opera prov'd a decent Treat,
 And Grace, you know, shou'd follow after Meat.

Quite tir'd with Singing, cou'd I but prevail,
 Instead of Epilogue, you'd hear a Tale?---
 Thank ye, I read your Looks; content they seem;
 A Tale I'll give, and Music be my Theme.

Springing from Earth, a Lark had new begun
 To hail with Mattins the uprising Sun,
 When a huge Boar, just tumbling from his Sty,
 Thus grunted to the Warbler of the Sky:

“Zoons! what a hideous Noise! that screaming

“Note!

“I wish Old Nick was dancing down your Throat;

“You see me wallow quiet in my Dung,

“I eat my Puddings, and I hold my Tongue;

“Why can't you live like me?--Cram and be wise;

“In cramming---ugh!--the greatest Pleasure lies.

The Lark his Music for a Moment ceas'd,
 And thus address'd the long-ear'd, grunting Beast:

“Peace, growling Wretch! unfeeling of those

“Joys,

“Which Thou and Savages like Thee call Noise:

“Thought-

" Thoughtless of Earth, I warbling upward rove,
 " Tow'rd's Heav'n, the Seat of Music and of Love:
 " Or if, perchance, my Eyes to Earth I bend,
 " My Carrols for a Moment I suspend;
 " Pitying, I view the *half-enliven'd* Throng,
 " To *Music* callous, and the thrilling Song:
 " 'Tis a sixth Sense, by kind indulgent Heaven
 " To favour'd Man and feather'd Songsters given:
 " Where Music's felt, we taste the Bliss of Gods;
 " Without it, Larks, like Boars, were breathing
 " Clods:
 " Rowl in your Filth; grunt on---nor dare decry
 " Beings superior---Tenants of the Sky."

So said, the little Warbler upwards sprung,
 And left the carping Boar in Filth and Dung;
 While the gross Savage, from his kindred Mud
 Stood gaping, nor one Warble understood:

Tho' Boars, sometimes, the Human Form
 disgrace,
 Such, never yet, thank Heaven, were seen within
 this Place.



An EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. —, after playing the Character of
Lady BRUTE.

AS Criminal on Gibbet high suspended,
A dreadful warning Piece to All's intended,
Just so—Poor Lady Brute's unhappy Fate
Seems to proclaim—Beware the married State.

But judge not, Ladies, that a wedded Life
Is a perpetual Fund of Hate and Strife;
When *Hymen* smiles, his Joys are next divine,
Friendship and Love their sweetest Flowers entwine:
Believe me,—for of both I've stood the Test,
A single Life is but *Half* Life at best.

Some Sir *John Brutes*, I own, are to be found,
But, Heav'n be prais'd, those Monsters don't abound:
Yet when to such in Wedlock we are given,
Are we not kind to send the *Brutes* to Heaven?

Search the World thro', in general you'll find,
That Marriage is a Draught of the *mix'd* Kind,
A Cordial bitter-sweet, a pleasing Pain;
An *April-Day*, now Sun-shine and now Rain;
A League *Defensive*---and---alas, too true---
It (sometimes) proves a League *Offensive* too:
'Tis, in the Jockey's Phrase, a *Give-and-Take*,
Where each some small Allowances shou'd make.

The

The Marrimonial Tree all Tastes can suit;
It yields at once both sweet and acid Fruit :
The Sweet--too luscious, oftimes is amended,
When with a little Dash of Acid blended :
And sure the Acid were a sad Repast,
Did not the blended Sweet correct the Taste :
With genuine Spirits mix'd in *Hymen's* Bowl,
A pleasing Draught they make to glad the Soul.

But oh, this Caution let me beg you'd take,—
Be sparing of the Acid for Love's Sake ;
A little Acid gives a pleasing Zest,
But *Much*—the Cholic breeds, and don't digest,

From Sir *John's* Fate learn, Husbands, to be
wise ;
Govern you may, but ne'er shou'd tyrannize ;
If you wou'd have Us *Honour and Obey*,
To *Love and Cherish* is your wisest Way.



E P I T A P H S.

Designed for a Favourite Actor.

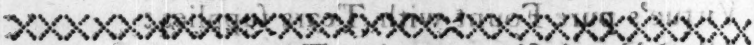
FAREWELL Horror, Rage, and Love,
 Farewell all the Soul can move;
 Farewell Humour, Wit, and Joke,
 Here Nature's Looking-Glass lies broke.

*On a young Gentleman who died of Love.*

HERE rests whom Fortune and the Muses
 blest,
 Of Wealth, Good-nature, Learning, Wit possess;
 Happy he lov'd, and was the blythest Swain,
 That ever tun'd his Pipes on Scotia's Plain;
 'Till Love, malicious, aim'd a fatal Dart,
 And, maugre Virtue's Shield, transfix'd his Heart;
 Hapless, he saw his Love gave Stella Pain,
 To give her Ease—his Heart's Core burst in twain,

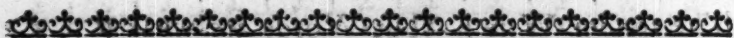
IT matters not who sleeps within this Tomb,
To this same Resting Place *You* soon must
come;

This is the Journey's End of Great and Small,
We all must take a Lodging in *Worm-Hall*.



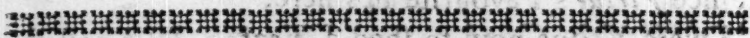
On a Welshman.

LET None dare approach who in Birth
are deficient;
A *Welshman* lies here—that is Reason sufficient.

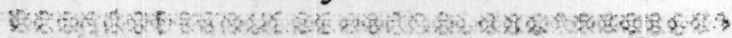


On -----

WITH Safety *Truth* may now appear;
Her greatest Foe lies bury'd here.



On an Honest Poor Farmer.



LET not the Great indulge a scornful Frown,
When told—"Here lies, what *was*, an
honest Clown:"

Tho' humble, yet his Pride was often seen;
He scorn'd, tho' low, to stoop to what was mean:
To Virtue if Reward above be given,
This *Clown* on Earth, *Ennobled* is in Heaven.

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O
Conta

On Mrs. -----

THE Heart that felt for other's Woe,
 That warm'd with Virtue's sacred Glow,
 Is Cold—*Clay-cold*!—No more her Eyes
 Virtue's pure Fount with Tears supplies:
 All Cold and silent too that Tongue
 Where soft Persuasion ever hung:
 Those Lips, where Sweetness still repos'd,
Truth's Portals,—now are ever clos'd:
 The Mother!-----may to bless Mankind,
 Children unborn such Mothers find!---
 The tender Wife!---but Words are weak;
 The Husband's Tears her Worth must speak——
 Here lies:——
 Be humble, Mortals, learn your Doom,
 To this *Cold Bed* we all must come:
 Since *Virtue's Favourite* lies here,
 'Twere Virtue now to shed a Tear.

Written over a Burial Vault.

ONE common Boast attends King, Clown,
 and Hero,
 Contain'd in this few Words——*Sum, Fui, Ero.*

EPIGRAMS, &c.

IF *Wilkes's* Schemes they mean to blast,
And stop his bold Career;
They must forgive him all that's past,
And make him a *Scotch* PEER.

Scriblerius.

On the Downfall of the Jesuits.

YE Sophists train'd up in *Ignatius's* College,
For Shame! what's become of your Wisdom
and Knowledge?
'Tis gone—And we find that the Axiom is true,
Si itis Jesuitis—non itis Jesu.

Quiblerius.

TO please *Pygmalion*, Heav'n inspir'd with
Life
A Tongueless Stone, of which he made a Wife;
Wou'd Heav'n, all-gracious, hear *Asino's* Moan,
His Wife—her Tongue at least—wou'd soon
be Stone.

On

On a Physician and Man-Midwife.

PHYSICIAN and Man-Midwife join'd in
One!

Both Life and Death his Pow'r unbounded own;
This Hand to Life inducts us from the Womb;
The other gives us, Pill-struck, to the Tomb.



FROM feasting on *Garrick* how often we find
Fools feast upon *Harlequin*, more to their
Mind!

Thus Flies, 'tis observ'd, from a Taste as absurd,
On Honey first feed;—then—indulge on
a T—d.



On an eminent Actor.

WHILE Fools in *Buso* think they see
The True *Vis Comica* exprest;
Your Men of Judgement all agree,
'Tis meer *Phiz Comica* at best.

On another of the same Profession.

TO touch our Hearts nor sighs nor Tears
neglected;

You'll ne'er affect:—The Reason?—You're
affected,

CRIES *Gnatho*—“In Ireland what Plenty
“were found,

“Were your Bogs but well drain'd, and trans-
“form'd to dry Ground!”

“No, no, (with a Sigh replies *Dermot*) 'tis
“plain,

“Poor Ireland too much, by *St Patrick*, they
“drain.”

THE Difference you ask me, *Jack*,
'Twixt *Mævius* and *Dean Swift*;
The one of Writing has the *Knack*,
The other has the *Gift*.

S.

On

On seeing the Picture of Justice over the Judge's Seat.

WHILE *P--e*, with Brow severe, and
formal Saw,
From the Learn'd Bench expounds the Mystic Law;
See *Justice* o'er his Head as Symbol stand,
The Sword and well-pois'd Scale in either Hand;
But *P--e*, to prove the Goddess a meer Farce,
Unmanner'd Brute!-- Towards her turns his A-se.

A *Yorkshire* 'Squire, with Looks that sneer'd
forth Scorn,
Cries,----“ Prithee, Honest Friend, where were
you born?”----
“ In *Ireland*, faith,” cries *Patrick*:----“ Nor
would I,
“ Ev'n tho' in *Yorkshire* born, the Truth deny.

“ YOU

"YOU keep your Post Chariot, dear *Galen*,
"I see!"

"You mistake, my dear Friend, my Post Chariot
"keeps me."

WHILE *Stentor* in *Dumont* appears,
And, sighing, pours forth Floods of Tears;
How strangely various People's Whim!
He weeps;---Spectators laugh at Him:
Tho' diff'rent, just is their Decision;
Rowe merits Tears, *Stentor* Derision.

"A Hearty Drubbing, *Will*, you know,
"For your damn'd Negligence *Powe*."
"Good Sir, for Trifles never fret,"
Cries *Will*---"For, I forgive the Debt."

R U F A

RUFA Advances makes; --- What can she do?
 Virgins of Thirty-six are forc'd to woo: ---
 Yet droop not, *Rufa*, I have known some Men,
 To a young Chick prefer a tough old Hen;
 If so, who knows what still thy Fate may be,
 Some Fool may chance to stick his Fork in thee.

On Reading in the Newspapers of the Marriage of a
 young Lady, whose least Accomplishment was
 said to be 2000 l. a Year.

CLOE's Two Thousand Pound a Year,
 Her least Accomplishment's we hear;
 Her least Accomplishment! --- 'Tis true ---
 But then it is her *Greatest* too.

THE Man who on his Wit depends,
 Can seldom boast great Store of Friends;
 And he who to himself is wise,
 Not on his *Wit*—but *Wits* relies.

What

What is it Like?

HUMOUR and sportive Mirth abound,
And—*What's Love like?*—goes laughing
round;

Quo' *Hall*, "Love's like a Tragedy,

"Where Death's the sure Catastrophe:"

Cries *Senex*, "Love, I think, is scarce

"Superior to a One Act Farce:"

"I rather think," replete with Glee,

Cries *Nan*, "that Love's a Comedy,

"Where every Act, tho' full of Sport,

"In my Opinion is too short;

"So tedious too each Interlude,

"We long to have the Play renew'd."



IF Wit be what your Wits have said in Mirth,
"A quick Conception, and an easy Birth,"
No more their feeble Claim let Men avow,
Wit's sprightly Wreathe must grace the Female
Brow.

Man

Man Refined.

ADAM we're told was form'd of plastic Earth,
 And Eve to Clay-sprung Adam ow'd her Birth;
 As much superior Adam we suppose
 To the dull lifeless Clod from whence he rose,
 So much at least superior we conceive
 To Clay-sprung Adam was his Rib-sprung Eve.



'TIS an Axiom well known, deny it who can,
 That a Taylor is but the ninth Part of a
 Man;

'Tis an Axiom approv'd too, that each jolly Tar,
 Makes nine common Men, or in Peace or in War:
 These Truths once premis'd ---- 'Tis plain that
 Two Sailors
 Make more than one Hundred and Sixty Poor
 Taylors.

On

On two beautiful Female Friends.

FAIR *Phillis* and *Cloe* are never asunder,
The *Wonderful Beauty*, and *beautiful Wonder*;
Such *wonderful Beauties* those *Beauties* can boast,
We *wond'ring* behold, and in *Wonder* are lost;
And where *Two* such *Wonders* against us conspire,
No *Wonder* the *World* should in *Wonder* expire.

PETER WONDERFUL.



To Live Well.

IF He who is *Good* may be said to *Live well*,
And if to *Live well* be to *Keep a good Table*;
Then he who *eats best* must in *Goodness* excell,
And *Virtue* and *Vice* are no more than a *Fable*.

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On VOLTAIRE.

ENTHUSIASTS, Lutherans, and Monks,
 Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and Punks,
Voltaire an Atheist call;
 While he, unhurt, in placid Mood,
 To prove himself a Christian good,
 Kindly forgives them all.

GOOD *Bavius* each Day at the Chapel is
 seen,

And Saint-like declaims at Romances obscene;
 Yet *Bavius* can read, when he's snugly alone,
The Woman of Pleasure, with *Spectacles* on.

On seeing the Interlude of Neptune and Amphitrite, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, performed.

WHILE Ocean's Deity and Pride,
 O'er *Amphitrite*, his fair Bride,
 Enamour'd hangs,—her milky Chest
 And heaving Globes his Eyes arrest:
Fidelia, with a smiling Look,
 That Archness and Good-nature spoke,
 Thus cries —————
 “ Or I'm mistaken, or the Dish,
 “ *Neptune* admires,—is *Flesh*, not *Fish*.”

On Two remarkable Orators, who exhibited Lectures of Elocution alternately the same Night, at
— Theatre.

WHILE *Fatuus* like a Madman rants
and raves,
And sleeping Spectres rouses from their Graves;
Craffus, with dull, unvaried, Nurse-like Strain,
Most kindly *Lullabies* them back again.



CLEORA's Breasts two Hillocks are of Snow,
On which Two little fragrant Rose-Buds grow;
Between those Hills lies *Cupid's* Down-smooth
Vale,
Where *Jove* himself enraptur'd might regale,
And lodg'd within, a treasur'd Heart is known,
Form'd like her Sister *Medicis*—of Stone.



On reading *Mrs Macauley's History of the Stewarts.*

TO shame the Luke-warm Patriots of the Age,
And wake 'em to a genuine British Rage,
See, *Liberty* herself from Heav'n appears,
And fair *Macauley's* Form the Goddess wears.

The MERCIFUL.

A Butcher with a Heart as hard as Stone,
And callous to an Orphan Lambkin's Moan,
Seizes his fated Prey with horrid Grin,
And whistles while the Knife he plunges in;
Nell, who the Scene beheld, with piteous Look,
And shrugg'd-up Shoulders, thus her Feelings
spoke :

" The barb'rous Wretch! thus, unprovok'd,
" to spill

" The Blood of a poor Lamb that ne'er did Ill!—

" See, how the little Creature pants for Life,

" The Murd'rer's Jaws clasping the reeky Knife:

" To do a Deed like this, were I to gain

" The Universe---ev'n such a Bribe were vain."

Thus *Nell* with Tenderness exclaims and feels—

While all the Time—good Soul!—*She skins*
live Eels.



P A R T A 2 T O R A I

On seeing Miss — bathing in the Sea.

X **I**N Pity to the Torments that I feel,
 Transform your Votary, *Venus*, to an Eel;
 In that wish'd Form, I'd stroll on liquid Space,
 And find, by Instinct led, a resting Place,
 A snug Retreat, the Lover's favorite Prize;
 Where, with Love's Tide, I safe might fall
 and rise;
 There, with extatic Joys, I'd glad expire,
 Unquench'd by *Neptune*, in Love's heav'nly Fire.



A R I D D L E.

IN Battle the Stoutest—Nor is it a Wonder—
 To this strange *Phænomenon* always strike under:
 No marle like a Monster in Fight shou'd prevail,
 Whose Head (Lord preserve us) lies hid in its Tail.

A P A S T O R A L.

THE Sun just peeping o'er the Hills was seen,
The Birds all caroll'd, and the Air was
seen;

Garlands, of Daffodils and Tulips made,
With Cowslips, gathered from the unford'd Glade,
O'er ev'ry Cottage Door, in Trim so gay,
Spoke a glad Welcome to the wish'd-for May!
Dight in their gayest Cloaths, each Shepherd
Swain

And Village Nymph trip'd o'er the green-sward
Plain;

While *Cupid* made such Havock among Hearts,
His full-stor'd Quiver scarce supply'd him Darts:
In ev'ry Breast Joy revell'd this glad Morn,
Save *Deborah's*:—She, hapless Maid, forlorn,
With Eyes brimful, beneath a Yew reclin'd
Sat,—dulling with her Sighs the passing Wind;
When *Margery*, light tripping o'er the Grass,
Stopp'd short, and (wond'ring) thus accosts
the Lads.

M A R G E R Y.

Am I awake? Is't *Deborah* I see
With blubber'd Cheeks?—Quite lost her wonted
Glee?

What, *Deb*?—That erst so frolicksome was seen;
The blytheft Maid that danc'd upon the Green!

Up, up, for Shame, nor longer dowley fret,
 Around the Pole the Lads and Girls are met;
 Blind *Giles* his Fiddle scrapes in Notes so sweet,
 You'd think, for sure, he witch'd their Puppet
 Feet;

Have you forgot this is the First of *May*?
 When dight in their new Robes the Fields look
 gay:

On ev'ry Hedge the scent'd Blossoms spring,
 The Birds their sweetest Carrols joyous sing;
 The Cuckow, dumb 'till now, this Morn essays,
 In mellow Notes his Summer Song to raise:
 Up, up, for Shame, and to the Sports repair;
 Our Sweethearts both, believe me, Girl, are *there*:
 Whence comes this Change?—What sad Mis-
 fortune, say,—
 Can cause those Tears, and Looks of wild Dismay?

DEBORAH.

Ah, hapless Maid!—when you my Griefs
 shall hear,

(Too-foon, alas, you'll answer Tear for Tear;
Tummas, the Lad to whom I gave my Heart,
Tummas and I for ay must henceforth part;
 He and thy Sweetheart, *Hodge*, both list'd are,
 And now to fight with *Frenchmen* must prepare.

M. A. R.

MARGERY.

You fright me, *Deborah*:—nay, dearest Maid,
Was it in Joke or Earnest what you said?

DEBORAH.

Too true I wils the News—for Farmer *John*
Saw the Lads strutting with their red Coats on:
Last Night the Serjeant, with his Copper Lace,
(Woe worth his oily Tongue and brazen Face)
Entic'd 'em to the *Royal Oak*—and there
First made 'em drunk—and then—they lifted were.

MARGERY.

My *Roger* Lifted! *Margery's* undone,
With *Roger* every Joy and Comfort's flown;
Was it for this such sugar'd Words you spoke,
When the bent Six-pence lovingly we broke?—
Was it for this I've oftimes been foretold,
That blest with *Roger's* Love I should grow old?
Nor *Sieve* or *Sheers* I'll henceforth e'er believe,
Nor shall St *Agnes's* Fast again deceive;
Nor credit more a Six-pence put in *Ruth*,*
(Strange! that the Bible thus should tell Untruth!)

For

* 'Tis a Custom among Country Girls to put the Bible
under their Pillows at Night, with Six-pence clapt in the
Book of *Ruth*, in order to dream of the Man destined to be
their Husbands.

For all my Hopes—Woe's me!—are overblown,
Since Sweetheart *Roger* for a Soldier's gone.

DEBORAH.

The Bride-cake which I got when Farmer
Hale

Married the buxom Widow of the Dale,
Beneath my Bolster plac'd in Kerchief white,
I dreamt of Nought but *Tummas* all the Night:
I thought—but *Margery*, you loſt have known,
And well my Dreams may gueſs at by your own:—
Nor Dreams or Bride-cake henceforth I'll believe,
For Dreams and Bride-cake both alike deceive.

MARGERY.

The Dew, which I this Morn with ſo much
Care

Gather'd from yon green Field to make me fair,
I'll ſling away—Nor henceforth, well I ween,
This blubber'd Face, ought elſe, ſave Tears,
ſhall clean;
For what avails a comely Face to boaſt,
Since all I prize, ah me! in *Roger's* loſt.

DEBORAH.

When *Tummas* cut his Hand—upon the Wound,
To ſtop the Blood, a Cob-web ſtrait I bound;
Next Day he told me I had heal'd the Smart,
And, ſmiling, wiſh'd me heal his bleeding Heart;

I blun'd—he kiss'd me;—and with sugar'd Words,
And Tongue, as soft and smooth as unbroke
Curds,

He made me plight my Troth; and on a Book
Swear to be his: The Oath we jointly took:
He swore my *True Love* he would live and die;—
Are Lovers True,—who from their *True Loves* fly?

MARGERY.

—Last *April*-tide—(I little thought so soon,
Last *April*-tide, to part with my dear Loon)
Like *Roger* none such matchless Wit cou'd show,
Or make so many *April* Fools, I trow.

DEBORAH.

A few Days gone, (how tender *Tummas'* Breast!)
From a rude Lad he sav'd a Linnet's Nest;
He swore, and swore aloud,—It was a Shame
To murder Birds of any Sort but *Game*:
How can a Heart, so tender and so good,
Then make a Trade of shedding Christian Blood?

MARGERY.

In Wrestling no one Lad can *Hodge* excell;
At Cudgels too he always bore the Bell;
And but last Wake, when a rude Fellow swore
He'd have a Kiss, and my lac'd Kerchief tore,
I scream'd:—*Hodge* flew like Lightning to my Aid,
And at his Feet the Brute was quickly laid.

DEBO-

DEBORAH.

In Dancing, who with *Tummas* cou'd compare?
 Or foot it on the Green with such an Air?
 At Church too none so loud the Psalms cou'd sing;
 He shak'd and quaver'd so, he made all ring:
 And then to hear him chaunt Bold *Robin Hood*,
 Or *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost, what Hours I've
 stood! —
 I cou'd not stir—I was all Ears and Eyes;
 Dame might scold on;—I told her twenty Lies:—
 And when he whistled, *Margery*, I swear,
 Nor Flutes nor Black-birds cou'd with him
 compare.

MARGERY.

A Swallow's Nest, which for five Summers stood,
 The Nursery of many a callow Brood,
 Just o'er my Casement,—where the Jessamine
 And Honey-Suckle rival Sweets entwine;
 (Where Swallows build, good Fortune still is
 known)
 Last Easter Day,-----Woe's me!-----came
 tumbling down:
 The Bird return'd from foreign Parts yestreen,
 And seem'd to pass the Spot, and mourn, I ween,
 And now its Nest builds elsewhere—as if struck,
 My Window was the Dwelling of Ill-Luck.

DEBO-

DEBORAH.

The other Night—to think on't makes me weep,
When Cocks, Hens, Pigs, and Christians were
asleep;

Into our Barn the crafty *Reynard* stole,
He made his Way thro' yonder tiny Hole;
The Hens, all flutt'ring, with a piteous Cry
Proclaim'd aloud the murd'rous Fox was nigh;
Wak'd with the Noise, I started in my Smock,
And scream'd aloud—"My Cock? My
"Ginger Cock!"

I came too late—my Ginger Cock was gone;—
"My Cock!" I cry'd—and fell into a Swoon:
Crafty the Fox; the Serjeant craftier far,
Who in his Clutches thus can *Tummas* bear:
Another *Ginger* I may get again,
But never, never get so sweet a Swain.

MARGERY.

No more shall Bees to flowery Meads resort,
Nor with their willing Mates Cock-Sparrows
sport;
No more in the *Red Sea* Goblins be laid,
Or Midnight Fairies pinch the flattern Maid;
The Gipsy's Hand no more shall Maidens cross,
Or more the Coffee-Dish shall trembling toss,
The Lambs shall cease to bleat, the Cocks to crow,
When Tears for my poor *Roger* cease to flow.

DEBO-

DEBORAH.

Sooner the heavy Ox shall flit thro' Air,
Sooner with Turtles ray'nous Kites shall pair,
The Hogs shall sing in soft melodious Notes,
And Nightingales shall, grunting, stretch their
Throats;

Sooner the 'Squire his Rent when due refuse,
Or smallest Sheaves, in Tything, Parsons chase;
Sooner than—Break thou stubborn Heart, in twain,
Sleeping or waking I forget my Swain.

Thus waild the Maids, when on the Plain
appear'd
Timmas and *Roger*, whom the 'Squire had clear'd,
The welcome Sight at once dispell'd their Fears,
Kisses and *May-day* Fare dried up their Tears,
The Swains their Wishe had, the longing
Maidens theirs.



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The LION and WASP.

A FABLE.

A Lion, whose Blood-thirsty Reign
 Bespoke him *Nero* of the Plain;
 Who judg'd that the sole End of Power
 Was to destroy and to devour;
 Who knew no Law but Tyrant Will,
 Still prompt to ravage, fleece, and kill,
 Thus proudly roars—"With *Jove* I vie,
 "I rule the Earth, he rules the Sky;
 "His Thunder makes the Heavens quake,
 "My Roaring makes the Forests shake;
 "Death ever waits my Kingly Sway,
 "While four-legg'd crouching Slaves obey;
 "They breathe but by my Courtesy,
 "And the whole World was made for Me:—
 "Britannia's Monarch I disdain,
 "Who rules by Love a willing Plain;
 "Like fam'd *Morocco's* Prince I move,
 "By Fear I govern, not by Love.

Thus vaunts the *Grand Monarque*: Around
 His servile Courtiers lick the Ground,
 When with a careless Air and Grace,
 A buzzing Wasp flies near the Place,

S

Skims

Skims thro' the Air, nor bends the Wing
 In Homage to the mighty King;—
 Which so incens'd his Majesty,
 That with his Tail erected high,
 He strikes the Insect to the Earth,
 And spoils his Music and his Mirth.—
 “ Shall a mean worthless Insect dare
 “ Unbidden in our Sight appear?
 “ When Insolence thus dare presume,
 “ Death---certain Death shall be its Doom.”

Tho' stunn'd at first---with venom'd Spite
 The Wasp soon wings his circling Flight;
 He vows Revenge, and on his Foe,
 With Sting erect he aims the Blow:
 “ Tyrant (he cries) what cou'd provoke
 “ Without a Cause thy barb'rous Stroke?
 “ From Want of Food can it proceed?
 “ Lions on Insects never feed:
 “ The Reason's plain, thy cruel Breast
 “ Is with a human Soul possess'd;
 “ 'Twas Wantonness provok'd the Deed,
 “ To please your Pride, ev'n Wasps must bleed:
 “ But, Tyrant, take before I die
 “ An injur'd Wasp's last Legacy:”
 So said, he darts with rapid Wing
 The Nostrils of the shaggy King,
 To the extremest Verge ascends,
 There all his waspish Venom spends;

And

And near the Brain's monastic Cell
 He pours his macerating Spell:—
 The Tyrant roars, and o'er the Plain,
 He drives, in all the Hell of Pain;
 The Forests tremble with his Cries,
 Quick to his Brain the Venom flies,
 And raging mad, he tears, blasphemes, and dies.

Thus Bubble Pride and Cruelty,
 Those pageant Tyrants of an Hour,
 Are often forc'd to bend the Knee,
 Ev'n to a paltry Insect's Power.



W hen with a brightly Archers in her Look,
 T he thus the kindred Pests bespoke:
 The **TRIPLE ALLIANCE.**

AS *Phæbus* seated on high *Pindus* Brow,
 Beam'd forth his Blessings on the World
 below;

While round his Throne the tuneful Sisters play,
 And *Wit* and *Music* hail the God of Day,
Folly with grinning Face, and vacant Head,
 And *Vice*, to Joy and Feeling ever dead,
 With black *Hypocrisy*, their favourite Child,
 (By some the *Spleen*, some *Superstition* stil'd)

Cringing approach'd the Throne, and thus they
 spoke:—

“ Your Justice, mighty *Phæbus*, we invoke;

“ Shall *Satyr*, *Wit*, and *Humour*,—those low
 “ Things,

“ Who can't like Us a Lineage boast from Kings,

“ Shall *They* from the curst Stage their Ar-
 “ rows send,

“ And True *Religion* impiously offend?

“ Say is it fitting *We* should bend the Knee

“ And dread *Ibalia* and *Melpomene*?

“ The Stage destroy'd, we shou'd no more
 “ complain,

“ But Mankind own our Universal Reign.”

With Brow contracted, and disdainful Eye,
Melpomene advanc'd to make reply,

When

When with a sprightly Archness in her Look,
Thalia thus the kindred Pests bespoke;
 " Sweet Madam *Vice*, from whom we pluck the
 " Veil,

" And shew the World what you wou'd fain
 " conceal;

" And Goodman *Folly*, whose chaotic Rule,

" Mankind would own, but for my Ridicule;

" And Thou, *Hypocrisy*, of Sense the Shame,

" Who impiously usurp'd *Religion's* Name,

" Tho' differing wide, as *Guinea's* sooty Train,

" From those fair Nymphs who grace *Britan-*
 " *nia's* Plain;

" The Muses' Looking-Glass shall show ye bare,

" Not as Ye wou'd appear, but as Ye are;

" Stript of Disguise, your Souls we will display,

" And hunt ye as the wildest Beasts of Prey;

" And tho', while Men have Passions, so says

" Fate,

" We can't a certain, lasting Cure create,

" We'll still, with Virtue's Aid, your Pow'r assail,

" And make ye feel the Force of *Tickle-Tail*."

So said, her Lash she rear'd, and at the Sight,
 The Fiends, trembling with Rage and venom'd
 Spite,
 Vanish'd, like Fiends, conceal'd in Shades of
 Night.

Let bloated *Envy* gnaw the bloody *File*;
 The *Muses* and their *Priests* at *Envy* smile;
 Unwounded still the Instrument remains,
 'Tis *Envy's* Blood the crimson'd *File* distains.



"The White, the Lover, and the Friend;
 "In every shape above, below, and round;
 "Her soul depicted in her Eyes;
 "A Fortune easy and secure;
 "Too, that should be my smallest care;

"Entire."

On Mr D—'s Marriage with Miss E—. 1767.

" **M**AY Heaven this Boon in Mercy grant,
 " 'Tis all I wish, 'tis all I want;
 " A youthful Bride to grace my Bed,
 " In Honour's strictest Precepts bred;
 " Sweet-temper'd, gentle as a Dove,
 " 'Till now an Alien to Love;
 " With Beauty to direct the Dart,
 " And Virtue to secure my Heart;
 " Above Coquetting; blest with Sense;
 " Whose ev'ry Look is Eloquence;
 " From Pride and Scandal ever free,
 " And from disgustful Prudery:
 " In Habit neat, in Person clean,
 " A Stranger to corroding Spleen;
 " A Voice to charm my Soul to Rest,
 " Whene'er by worldly Cares oppress;
 " No fiery Zealot in Religion,
 " A Soul despising Superstition;
 " Whose Sense directs her how to blend
 " The Wife, the Lover, and the Friend:—
 " In ev'ry Shape above Disguise,
 " Her Soul depictur'd in her Eyes;
 " A Fortune easy and secure,
 " Tho' that shou'd be my smallest Lure:—
 " Ent'ring

" Ent'ring my Doors, I'd have her meet me
 " With Smiles, — and still with Welcomes
 " greet me: —
 " Wou'd *Jove* in Pity hear my Pray'r,
 " And blefs my Days with fuch a Fair,
 " I'd never quit fo rich a Treasure,
 " To roam abroad in Search of Pleasure;
 " But ufe my ev'ry Pow'r and Art,
 " To win, and to preferve her Heart."

Thus *D*— pray'd; and Father *Jove*
 Heard ev'ry Syllable above.

Quo' *Jove*— " A modest, droll *quelque Chofe*,
 " He'll nought for Want of asking lofe;
 " Suppose for once the Whim I try,
 " And with the Youth's Address comply;
 " He's been a loose young Spark, I'm fure,
 " Who knows but this may work a Cure;
 " He don't want Sense; he may amend;
 " 'Tis a long Lane that knows no End:
 " Here, *Hymen*, take your Torch and fly,
 " Quick, in the Twinkling of an Eye,
 " Fly to Mifs *E*—, of *Y--k*,
 " You'll find her busy at her Work;
 " She don't, like other Ladies, kill
 " Her Time in Scandal or Quadrille,
 " Or reading paltry, dull Romances,
 " To fill her Brain with foolish Fancies;
 " Tho'

"Tho' full of Cheerfulness and Spirit,
 " She scorns to misemploy her Merit;
 " In useful Sort her Hours she spends,
 " In working, chatting with her Friends,
 " Or reading, where she's sure to find,
 " A Banquet worthy of her Mind;
 " In walking, or at Church in Pray'r,
 " (She's not ashamed of going there)
 " Present her as a Gift from *Jove*;
 " And you, my little God of *Love*,
 " Just at the Instant take him slap—
 " As you know how—beneath Left Pap,
 " And on the Fair, with twanging Bow,
 " The self-same Compliment bestow:—
 " But should the Youth ungrateful prove,
 " And cease to *Cherish* and to *Love*,
 " Tell him—With Punishments I'll tease him,
 " A thousand Pains and Achs shall seize him;
 " And in *Terrorem* to bad Spouses,
 " I'll burn his Pictures, Books, and Houses;
 " Nay, worse than all—the Blessing giv'n,
 " I'll re-assume, and snatch to Heav'n:—
 " But hold, I'm rather too severe,
 " To threaten thus, 'ere Faults appear;
 " For Gratitude, with Sense and Truth,
 " Have ever harbour'd in the Youth;
 " And Honour, Cement to the whole,
 " Is rooted in his inmost Soul:—

" Tell

" Tell him, in short, he may depend
 " On *Jove*—if Constant—as his Friend."

The Message giv'n—Quick from the Sky
 To *Y--k* the winged Couriers fly;
 And to the wishing Youth convey
 The yielding Maid (like fragrant *May*
 Blushing, when doom'd her glowing Charms
 To her belov'd *Zephyrus*' Arms)
 Kneeling, the Blessing he receives,
 And scarce his ravish'd Sight believes:—
Cupid, sly Rogue!---with barbed Darts,
 Transfixes both the Lovers' Hearts;
 The *Gordian* Knot while *Hymen* frames,
 His Torch ne'er sent forth brighter Flames;
 Nor has it since been trimm'd, they say,
 But burns still brighter ev'ry Day;
 And *Jove* upon his Honour swears,
 (I mean, 'pon Honour he declares)
 He ne'er a happier Couple knew,
 More kind,---more loving,---and more true,



D E L I C A C Y.

FALSE *Delicacy*, Poppy-crown'd and chaste,
 Meer Water-Gruel, flat and void of Taste;
 A Rainbow Being, nourish'd long in *France*,
 Her Parents *Affectation* and *Romance*;
 A Sentimental Miss, so wond'rous good,
 She scorns, or seems to scorn, meer Flesh and Blood;
 With Looks demure, and prim as antique Maid,
 When all her wou'd-be Virtues are display'd;
 To cheerful Wit and Humour Foe profess,
 (Humour and Wit your Buckram Prudes detest)
 If the insipid Trifler you wou'd know,
 Our modern Comedies the Nothing show;
 In Novels chief the flimsy Shadow reigns,
 By Nymphs ador'd, and eke by Nymph-like
 Swains.

Not so *True Delicacy*, heav'nly Fair,
 Whose Parents smiling *Truth* and *Nature* are,
 To Virtue's tend'rest Feelings tho' inclin'd,
 Yet unreserv'd, and of a cheerful Mind;
 Tho' chaste, yet free---tho' humble, never mean,
 A Foe to Pride, to Prudery, and the Spleen;
 Aided by her, Nature a Polish takes,
 And genial Fancy every happy wakes;
 Open to Pleasure, oft is seen to smile,
 Nor thinks *bon Mots*, tho' *Janus-fac'd*, defile;
 Wou'd

Wou'd you the Portrait of the Fair survey,
View her in *Terence, Shakspeare, Fielding, Gay*;
Graceful in Smiles she evermore appears,
Nor Earth-born Gnomes with Critic Goose-
quills fears.

False Delicacy points the opiate Way,
Where sickly *Affectation* bears the Sway;
True Delicacy points th' enliv'ning Road,
Where *Virtue, Truth, and Nature* make Abode.



The

The LAMENTATION *of a* MOUSE
in a TRAP.

I.

“ **U**Nhappy Maid! within this wiry Cave,
Death’s certain Summons doom’d, alas,
to wait!
Shall curst *Grimalkin’s* Guts prove *Muzzy’s* Grave?
So young!—In Pleasure’s Spring to meet my
Fate?

II.

Those Jet-bead Eyes, that fir’d Beholders’ Hearts,
This Velvet Skin, small Ears, and Needle
Claws!
Those Whiskers, (often stil’d Love’s keenest
Darts)
Must they be crush’d within a Murderer’s Jaws?

III.

Was it for this, with daintiest Morfels fed,
From the scoop’d Cheese, or Bacon’s taste-
ful Side,
Mamma with Tenderneſs her *Muzzy* bred,
Clasp’d me, and call’d me still her *Little Pride*?

T

Oft

III.

Oft wou'd she cry—"My dear, my best-lov'd
Care,

"Touch not your Prey, till well the Place
you scan;

"Grimalkin!—Of that Monster, oh beware!—

"And that more savage Two-legg'd Monster,
"Man."

V.

I,—wretched I—unheedful of her Love,
My Duty's Forfeit now untimely pay;
Be warn'd by me, nor thus rebellious prove,
Ye Mice!—but ah!—your Parents' Lore obey.

VI.

To poor Papa had this sad Hour been giv'n,
How wou'd the Sight his tender Bosom wound!
But poor Papa—(such the high Will of Heav'n!)
Last April-day was in a Cream-Bowl drown'd.

VII.

Where now those gay coquettish Breezes?—
Where?

That erst so many youthful Hearts have won?
In Swarms to Muzzy's Hole want to repair,
And swear her Beauties far outshone the Sun.

They

VIII.

They call'd me Goddess:—Said, "My Frown
Is not Smile."

"Cou'd save or doom to Death the nibbling
Breed,"
Ye mortal Goddesses of *Allion's Isle*,
—Oh! think—Ev'n Goddess *Muzzy's* doom'd
to bleed.

IX.

And must I die? No more *Squeekero's* Strain
(*Squeekero!* loveliest Youth of youthful Mice!)
Shall flatt'ring Homage pay;—in Hopes to gain
That Heart, whose Worth he swore was past
all Price.

X.

His lengthen'd Tail!—But, ah, that Tail
no more,
Nor Heroe's Form again shall bless my Sight;
His Wit, which set the Table on a Roar,
Poor *Muzzy's* Soul shall ne'er again delight.

XI.

How oft, *Squeekero*, have you vow'd—"No Pow'r
On Earth, from your Embrace shou'd *Muzzy* tear;"
Let not *Grimalkin's* spiked Jaws devour,
But from this horrid Cave your *Muzzy* bear.

IVX

XII.

The Bait, which but a few short Minutes past,
Metlinks the fell Devourer I espy,
 With Eyes like fiery Suns that flash forth
 Dread;
 And Tail like threat'ning Comet rais'd on high,
 And Giant Paw, prepar'd to strike me dead.

XIII.

A certain Judgment (such Heaven's wife Deceit)
 No Parent, Lover, Friend, at that sad Hour,
 On Lightning's Wings to fly with vengeful Aid!
 And can ye—Can ye let the Fiend devour
 Ah me!—Your Darling—your poor little Maid?

XIV.

She said—two of the Witches
Squeekero! Parents! Friends!—like Lightning fly,
 Bring Armies——quick——tear, rend this
 hated Jail:
 No Parent, Lover, Friend—alas is nigh——
 Nor cou'd whole Armies in this Case avail.

XV.

He said—on a Puff
 Ah no! *Squeekero!* Parents! Come not near,
 Left your fond Heart should break to see
 me thus:
 To your wise Precepts had I lent an Ear,
 Poor *Muzzy* had not fall'n a Prey to Puss.

The

XVI.

The Bait, which but a few short Minutes past,
So tempting,—now how hateful to mine Eyes!
Repentance oft attends a liquorish Taste;
From *Muzzy's* Fate learn, Maidens, to be wise.

XVII.

A certain Judgment (such Heav'n's wise Decree)
Attends the Wretch who not a Parent hears;
But hark—the dreadful Latch is rais'd—and see—
Have Mercy, Heav'n!—a Two-legg'd Fiend
appears.”

XVIII.

She said—and, trembling, sweeps the Wires;—
when, lo!
Murd'rous *Grimalkin*, darting baleful Fires,
Enters the Room:—*All Nature feels the Blow*;
Poor *Muzzy* squeeks,—and with a Nip expires.

An—E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs P. in the Character of HYPOLITA,
in She Wou'd or Wou'd Not.

THERE'S Something surely in this Dress
inspires,

And with unusual Glee and Courage fires;
For thus account'ed—Damme—Who's afraid
Of blust'ring Blood or Buck, or ev'n Cockade?
For a cool Thrust if any are inclin'd,
Let 'em approach—in me their Man they'll find:
Their Man, I say—More Title I can show
To *Man*—than many a puny, trifling Beau.

Were it a Rule—a Rule by all agreed,
That none shou'd pass for Men, but Men indeed,
How, mighty Sirs, would your large Numbers
dwindle,
And Swords be chang'd to Distaff and to Spindle.

At public Places with my Opera Glass,
I cou'd shine out a Buck of the First Class:
“A fine Piece that, my Lord—a damn'd fine Face;
“She's quite the Thing----*Bon Soir*----A Girl's
the Case:

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“ A Bagnio and a Supper:—She’s my own :—
 “ She has me in her Eye—*Tres humb.*—I’m gone.”

[Sings, *Love and Wine give ye Gods, or take back, &c.*]

Suppose, in Time of War, a Female Band
 Shou’d, for the Honour of their Native Land,
 In Regimental Uniforms, appear,
 (Come, come, good Sirs, you need not laugh
 and sneer)

A *British Amazonian Band*, if led
 By Major General P----- at their Head,
 Not *Prussia’s* King, the Heroe of the Age,
 With Us, brave as he is, wou’d dare engage.

And at Reviews, there we shou’d doubly shine;
 When drest and powder’d we shou’d look divine:
 How graceful to the Fife shou’d we advance!
 Keep Time—and Step by Step—half march—
 half dance:

[*Hums a Minuet Tune, and takes ’em off in their Marching.*]

We’d charge, prime, cock, discharge, recharge—
 then shoulder;
 And like Militia Men look bold—nay bolder:
 Now to the Right—Now to the Left—and then—
 We’re quicker in our Motions far—than Men.

If, my good Female Friends, with me you’ll
 join,
 And a Petition to this Purpose sign;

The

The Parliament now sits;—in Y-- fair City,
 We could of Heroines—tho' Brave yet Pretty,
 A Regiment raise: Perhaps, as a Reward,
 The King may chuse Us for his Body Guard;
 And if he shou'd—(may Heav'n's best Love at-
 tend him!)
 We'd proudly lay our Lives down to defend him.



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AN EPILOGUE.

By ARAMINTA, in the Confederacy.

OUR Poet, tho' for Wit and Humour fam'd,
For Want of Moral has been sometimes
blam'd;

Unjustly sure: The Characters he paints,
I own, resemble Sinners more than Saints:
But Sinners shou'd be brought upon the Stage,
(For such there are, ev'n in this *Blessed* Age)
Or how shou'd We, so Virtuous and so Good,
Learn to avoid the Snares of Flesh and Blood:
Vice here expos'd, as Vice, is fully shown;
Old Nick, by his Club-Foot is always known.

Ye naughty Husbands, and ye naughty Wives,
From what ye've seen, learn to amend your Lives;
But chief, ye Gripes and Moneytraps,—for You
Our Moral Bard his Moral Lesson drew:
Be *Generous*; nor abroad for Pleasure roam,
Hunt not for Game which you may start at Home:
Consider,—Wives forsaken can with Ease
Repay you---Tit for Tat---when'er they please;
While you intrigue Abroad, devoid of Grace,
A *Cicesbey* may fill your vacant Place:
For loving Wives take it extremely ill,
When Husbands smuggle Grist to a strange Mill.

When

When in the Matrimonial Knot we're bound,
 The Obligation Mutual should be found;
 For *Bills of Rights* our Lordly Mates contend,
 We too have *Rights* and *Charters* to defend;
 On slow *Petitions* They their Hopes may build,
 We'll boldly dare our Rulers to the Field;
 Where Face to Face, shou'd they our Prowels try,
 Poor Souls! we'd cool their Courage presently.
 Let us at least an equal Pow'r maintain,
 And like King *Will* and *Mary* jointly reign.

Ye mighty Sirs, who aim at sov'reign Sway,
 And think poor Wives are born but to obey,
 If you wou'd have us true to Honour's Race,
 Be you our Guides---we'll follow in the Chace:
 Adhere yourselves to this same wand'rous Plan,
 We promise to be good---as e'er we can.



The

THE CONTEST.

A VISION.

LAST Night, as musing on my Bed I lay,
 And Mimic Fancy rul'd with boundless Sway,
 "Sleep gently lul'd my Faculties to Rest,
 And Fairy *Mab* with Magic charm'd my Breast;
 Methought I stood near *Helicon's* fam'd Stream---
 (Critics, observe---all this was but a Dream:)
 Where *Tragedy*, with slow and stately Pace,
 And keen-ey'd *Comedy*, with smiling Grace,
 Two Sister Muses---seem'd in warm Debate,
 Who best deserv'd Pre-eminence of State.

"With *Jove's* own Bird the short-wing'd

"Wren might vie,

"And perch on Heav'n's high Palace in the Sky

"(Exclaims *Melpomene*) as You with Me

"Contest presume in Rank and Dignity:

"Courts, Heroes, Kings----my Verse sublime

"require,

"You distant gaze---nor dare so high aspire:

"Ev'n in the inmost Chambers of the Soul,

"The fiercest Passions own my vast Controul;

"While you in lightsome Strains, with tickling

"Smart,

"Play round the Head, but seldom touch the

"Heart:

"In

" In a superior Orbit, lo! I shine;—
 " Think not, vain Girl, your Merit equals mine."

" Cloud-hawling Sister, quit your high Abode,
 " And, if you can, descend to Reason's Road,"
 (Cries *Comedy*, and curtsy'd as she spoke)
 " My Laughter, not my Anger you provoke:
 " Our Stations Father *Jove* fix'd here below,
 " In Virtue's Cause to combat ev'ry Foe;
 " Our Mirrors to erect, and teach Mankind
 " Self-Knowledge in the Portrait of the Mind;
 " Vice to unmask, and Folly to expose,
 " And shew them, as from Hell they naked rose:
 " Your Province, *Vice*---Mine, *Folly*;---our
 Success

" The different Aspects of our Foes confess:
 " Courts, you avow, is your peculiar Sphere——
 " What mighty Wonders has your Glass wrought
 " there?
 " Are Kings and pension'd Courtiers more inclin'd
 " To Virtue, than the rest of Humankind?
 " Ah, Sister! if Mankind I justly read,
 " Courts are unfriendly Soils for Virtue's Seed---
 " Ev'n there—when Rainbow-*Folly* meets your
 " Eyes,
 " Abash'd, the Coward veils in *Wisdom's* Gulle;
 " While bare-fac'd *Vice* with Frontlet glares
 " of Brass,
 " Nor blushes at her Portrait in the Glass.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis mine, with this keen Lash of Ridicule,
 " Tickling to probe each Folly-govern'd Fool;
 " To no one Sphere confin'd, I hunt my Game,
 " Or Country, City, Court---to me the same:
 " Equal with you, through the blue vaulted Sky
 " On sounding Pinions at my Will I fly;*
 " Yet never soar so high, to Reason true,
 " But Land-mark Nature still I keep in View:
 " Your vain Pre-eminence, sweet Girl, resign,
 " If any---that Pre-eminence is mine."

All this fly *Opera* heard, and with a Trill
 Which *Echo* answer'd from *Parnassus* Hill,
 Her Claim preferr'd:---" In vain your Pow'rs
 " ye boast;

" Know, Sisters, that 'tis *Opera* rules the Roast:
 " Mortals by Me possest, now laugh, now cry,
 " Expire, revive,---and all---they know not why:
 " On Music's Wings my Votaries are caught
 " To Heav'n, freed from the galling Chain of
 " Thought.

" That Music's Charms can sooth the Savage
 " Beast,

" Among your favourite *Britons* stands confest;
 " Let your own Fanes, *Drury* and *Covent* tell,
 " Whether or You or *Opera* bears the Bell:

U " The

* *Interdum Vocem tollit Comædia.*

'Tis

" The Mountain-nurur'd *Swiss*, whose callous
Souls,

" Not all your *Pathos* or your *Wit* controuls,

" To Me submissive humblest Homage pay,

" And live or die obedient to my Sway ; *

" And what my Influence proves beyond Compare,

" *Castratos* now are Favourites of the Fair."

Melpomene, with Looks of cold Disdain,

(Looks, which ev'n more than Words her Thoughts
explain)

Just glanc'd Contempt, nor deign'd to make Reply;

When thus, with Mirth replete, brisk *Comedy*

Retorts :--- " Thou mere Vacuity ! Thou Thing
of Air !

" In Merit shall *Sol fa* with us compare !

" Hence, and thy Distance know, and thank

" kind Heav'n,

" If in our Train an humble Lot is giv'n :

" At best, the outward Flourish you dispense

" To deck and ornament Dramatic Sense ;

" Shall

* As a striking Instance of the Power of Music, the *Swiss*,
who are not a People of the quickest Sensation, are said to
have at this Time a Tune, which, when played upon their
Fifes, inspires them with such a Desire of revisiting their na-
tive Country, that if prevented, they languish and die of
Grief. This Tune is therefore, under severe Penalties, for-
bid to be played by the *Swiss* Regiments in foreign Service,
as it wou'd infallibly cause them to desert.

" Shall Truth and Nature, like a frothy Beau,
" Fix all their Merit in vain-empty Show!"—

More she had said, but *Phæbus* from his Throne,
Thus stopp'd Debate, and *Jove's* high Will
made known;

" Sisters, for Shame! (he cry'd)----Your Strife
" forbear,

" Muse against Muse is most unnatural War;*

" To moralize and polish Humankind,

" Is the great Task by Parent *Jove* assign'd;

" Your Mirrors to erect to human Eyes,

" And make Mankind more happy, good, and wise.

" To combat Giant *Vice*, to mend the Heart,

" To draw forth *Virtue's* Tears---and Joys impart,

" Which none but Good and Feeling Souls

" can know,

" Be Yours, *Melpomene* :---While Folly's Foe

" *Thalia* stands confest; and Heart and Head

" Frees from those Weeds, too apt to overspread

" The Human Soil: Oft-times the richest Ground

" Will, if neglected, most in Weeds abound:

" Large and extensive either Scenic Field,

" Equal the mutual Benefits they yield;

" Equal be then your Rank :---'Tis *Jove's*

" Decree,

" Henceforth ye live in kindred Amity,

" Nor either claim unjust Precedency.

U 2

" By

* Dunce against Dunce is most unnatural War. PORE.

To CLEA. Begging a Reconciliation

" By *Sense* prepar'd to raise the Soul on high
 " To Heav'n, upon the Wings of Harmony,
 " *Opera*, that Talk be Yours: But, *Unprepar'd*
 " By *Sense*, in vain the Strain delusive's heard;
 " Your Province is to see your pleasing Aid,
 " Dependent, at your Sisters' Call display'd;
 " Aided by thee, they sooner shall controul,
 " And pour the Balm of Virtue in the Soul;
 " But for the *Lead*--to that drop all Pretence,
 " *Sound* still must yield Precedency to *Sense*:
 " They never in the Vanguard shou'd appear,
 " Whose Station's fix'd by Heaven in the Rear:
 " Friends all! Henceforth like Sisters kindly love,
 " And Heav'n and Earth the Union will ap-
 " prove.----

To *Jove's* Award the Sisters lowly bow'd,
 And close embracing, mutual Friendship vow'd;
 Link'd like the *Graces* Hand in Hand they sped,---
 The Watchman call'd the Hour:--The Vision fled.



To CLOE. *Begging a Reconciliation.*

'T WIXT *Siam's* fam'd Kingdom and *Ava's*
Domains,*

When long-banish'd Peace a Re-union attains,
As Emblem of Love, and Extinction of Hate,
A Hole is dug deep in the Midst of each State;
The Earth ta'en from *Ava's* rich Soil is trans-
ferr'd,

And quickly in *Siam's* deep Bowels interr'd;
While that dug from *Siam* in friendly Return,
Finds honour'd Interment in *Ava's* dark Urn;
Dear *Cloe*, sweet *Cloe*, let Peace be announc'd,
Your Terms I submit to, whatever pronounc'd;
But, oh!—that our Union more lasting may
prove,

Let's twine on the Olive the Roses of Love;
Like *Siam* and *Ava* our Friendship attest,
And deeply interr'd in each other, find Rest.

* Two Neighbouring Kingdoms in the *East-Indies*.



On Miss _____, fanning herself!
 Thus raise a Wild-fire in Beholders' Hearts!—
 In Mercy, heavy my Maid, our Pains redress!

PANTING with Heat from *Sal's* unnerving
 Rays,

A Fan unfurl'd the lovely Nymph displays;
 The flutt'ring Toy awakes the dormant Breeze,
 And to her throbbing Breast gives coolly Ease:
 The waving Tucker, Wind-impell'd—(Oh
 Heav'n!

Wou'd to my Lot that Bliss supreme were giv'n!)
 Playfully wanton, now with Kisses greets
 Those Lilly-cover'd Hills of breathing Sweets;
 Now flowing back, to the charm'd Gazer shows
 A fairer Heav'n than ev'n *Elysium* knows;
 The heaving Mounds alternate fall and rise,
 Darting bewitching Poison to our Eyes;
 While *Cupid* laughing, from his slopy Vale,
 Pours flaming Arrows thick as Storms of Hail;
 Above the Battery of her Stays now peeps,
 Flackers his Wings,—then downward, nestling,
 creeps

To purling Streams, and consecrated Groves,
 The hallow'd Birth-place of his Mother's Doves;
 Where lies, conceal'd from vulgar Eyes, *Love's*
 Seat,

His *Sans Souci*, his favourite Retreat.

Can

Can that which Coolness to the Fair imparts,
 Thus raise a Wild-fire in Beholders' Hearts?—
 In Mercy, heav'nly Maid, our Pains redress,
 And kindly *give* us more, or *show* us less.

~~~~~  
 To Mr W——, on his Edition of Shakespeare.

**W**HEN Shakespeare's tow'ring Genius  
 Up to the Heav'ns wou'd shoot,  
 You pull him from his *Pegasus*,  
 And make him walk on Foot.



PHIL-



P H I L L I S.

**T**HUS my Head to Heart said,  
 " Zoons, what is the Matter,  
 " You jump so, and thump so,  
 " And make such a Clatter?"  
 " *I'm wounded, confounded,*  
 " *And struck with a Dart,*  
 " *From the Eyes of fair Phillis,*"  
 Replies my poor Heart.

II.

" No Wonder you thunder,  
 " And swell so with Grief;  
 " If you're wise, shun those Eyes,  
 " And seek elsewhere Relief."  
 " *Poh, a F—t,*" cries my Heart,  
 " *My Flame I'll ne'er smother;*  
 " *From her, I'd prefer*  
 " *Death, to Life with another.*

III.

" So witty, so pretty,  
 " Her Sense so refin'd;  
 " Her Mein, like Jove's Queen,  
 " And such Goodness of Mind;

" On

" On her Breast, that soft Nest,  
 " Wou'd to Heav'n 'twere my Home;  
 " Doubly blest, there I'd rest,  
 " Nor henceforward wou'd roam."

IV.

So said, away fled  
 My poor Heart in Despair,  
 And sighing, kept trying  
 To soften the Fair:  
 She bouncing, and flouncing,  
 Show'd nought but Disdain;  
 While shiv'ring, broke and quiv'ring,  
 My poor Heart was slain.

V.

At most, like a Ghost,  
 Now I wander about,  
 While *Phillis*, her Will is,  
 To jeer, sneer, and flout:  
 Tho' I talk, eat, and walk,  
 And on Roast Beef regale;  
 Tho' I laugh, sing and quaff—  
 Yet I'm dead as Door Nail.

On reading some *EASTERN TALES*,  
lately published.

**T**HESE *Eastern Tales*, so prettily express  
(Effusions from the Goose-quills of the *West*)  
Those frigid Nothings speak their Mud-sprung  
Birth,  
Their Parents Mole-ey'd Gnomes, incor'd with  
Earth;  
While *Hawksworth's* Eagle Genius soars on high,  
Wings to the *Eastern* Chambers of the Sky;  
There the enraptur'd Bard the God inspires,  
And with his *Oriental* Magic fires;  
His Pow'r Sprites, Demons, Genii, all confess;—  
He paints---and *Fancy* wears her richest Dress:---  
The *Talisman* his Pen, that charms at Will,  
Not *Salomon* cou'd use it with more Skill:  
Invention glows---while *Virtue* guides each Line;  
We read---we feel the Magic all Divine.---  
Ye paltry Scriblers hide your feeble Rays,  
*Hawksworth* alone can pour the *Eastern* Blaze.

The

## The CONNOISSEUR.\*

IN that fam'd Room where Artists strive,  
 True Taste and Genius to revive,†  
 Where Modern *Guides* put in Claim,  
 Contending for the Wreath of Fame;  
 Where *Virtu's* Sons with great Precision  
 Their Knowledge prove by wise Decision;  
 A Judge allow'd, a *Connoisseur*,  
 With Buckram Gait, and Phiz demure,  
 Noting a Piece, on which the Crowd  
 Unusual Compliments bestow'd,  
 His Glas first peeps thro' with an Air,  
 (True *Connoisseurs* short-sighted are)  
 The Painting carelessly survey'd,  
 And when inform'd 'twas *English* made,  
 Thus to an Elbow-Friend, with Look  
 Oracularly Cynic, spoke:—  
 “ Sure never was Performance seen,  
 “ More Gothic, tasteless, lifeless, mean:  
 “ Painting!—’Tis Canvass spoil’d!—Oh, Gad!  
 “ ’Tis daubing!—Execrable!—Sad!

“ No

The Thought on which this Fable is founded, was taken  
 from the ingenious Mr *Stevens's* Lecture on Heads.

† The Exhibition-Room in the Strand.



" No Colouring! Keeping!—And such *Clare-*  
" *Obscure!*—All *Englife!*—All *Barbare!*  
" And how unnaturally shows  
" That ill-made Fly on the vile Rose!  
" A Fly! 'tis no more like"—When quick,  
Pointing toward the Fly his Stick,  
To prove his Criticism true,  
Away the little Insect flew.

**F I N I S.**



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